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EDWARD HUGH SOTHERN.

BY MILDRED ALDRICH.

ON the 6th of December, 1859, Edward Askew Sothern, the creator of Dundreary (whose family name, by the way, was Stewart), wrote in one of his many note-books, still extant, along with miscellaneous entries of personal expenditure, "Son born; named Edward Hugh."

This brief entry was made at an ordinary professional boarding-house, numbered 79, on Bienville Street, in New Orleans, and the event thus recorded took place in the early hours of the morning.

The elder Sothern was at that time playing an engagement at the Varieties Theatre. The days of his prosperity had not dawned, for Dundreary was but an embryo of what he finally became. Of an English father, an Irish mother, and an English education, the son whose birth was that day recorded is justly looked upon as belonging to the States, since his birth and professional success took place here; still his nationality is stamped upon him beyond the effacing of mere association, and E. H. Sothern will probably always be easily identified as an Englishman.

Unlike the subject of my first sketch, young Sothern's talent may be directly traced to the law of inheritance. The father's volatile humor was amusing, but his superficial characterizations derived their chief force (if the paradox may be allowed) from their suggestions of an utter lack of mental power. In their artifice seemed to lie their success; they were so surprising in their absurdity. Suggestions of the

father's eccentric humor may be discovered in the son's comedy, but it has been qualified by the emotional temperament of his mother's race, and superficiality has been replaced by deep sincerity. For that reason the son has a chance of achieving his father's defeated ambition, and being looked upon as a serious actor.

In 1861, after the breaking out of the rebellion, the elder Sothern returned to London with his family, and produced *Dundreary* at the Haymarket Theatre, under the management of J. B. Buckstone, the father of Rowland Buckstone, who, by the way, has been a member of young Sothern's company ever since he first had his name printed in big type. *Dundreary* was a success in London; the sons, Lytton and Eddie, were put to school, and the latter did not return to the States until 1879.

Eddie Sothern's first school days were passed at Dunchurch, near Rugby, a place historical as the scene of the capture of Guy Fawkes. For five years he was supposed to be carefully imbibing book knowledge, but during that time he learned a deal more about cross-country riding and fox hunting than of books; for the principal was, like many other Englishmen of his position, an enthusiast where dogs and foxes and horses were concerned. As the elder Sothern had rather at any time have taken a fence than act,—could the one have been made

as profitable as the other,—and was always having hair-breadth escapes from disappointing London audiences in his attempts to ride to cover in the morning and act in London in the evening, one would not have supposed that the father would have found anything incongruous in such a school for his son. Perhaps he did not; but fathers are apt to resent the reappearance in their sons of their own follies, or virtues, either, at times. Such a transmission from



E. H. SOTHERN AT THE AGE OF
THIRTEEN.

generation to generation of vices or gifts seems a personal reflection on the part of fate, and it is the disposition of man

to look upon it with some misgiving, as not being quite certain whether nature had perpetrated a joke or an insolence. At all events Eddie was removed from Dunchurch to London, where he attended the grammar school, St. Mary-le-bone and All Souls. There ended his school days; nor was his father at all pleased, at their close, to find that the lad was determined to be an actor. His serious objection had grounds which seemed to him above argument and without reproach. His own career had begun with years of failure; it had held so many hardships, such long periods of poverty, that he felt justified in opposing his son's entrance into similar possibilities. More than that, he was unable to see the slightest promise of histrionic ability in



E. H. SOTHERN AS WILDRAKE IN
"THE LOVE CHASE."

From a photograph by Falk in 1887.

the boy. He ignored the fact that he himself had only become an actor after his parents had vainly tried to make a clergyman and a doctor out of him. Eddie had shown the ability to draw a horse that did not look like a cow, and a cow whose bovine origin could be discovered without a tag, so it was decided that he should be a painter. The proud father, who had himself occasionally handled the palette and brush, fancied that he saw in the future of his son honorable mention and medals; but the determined ambition of the lad

was no more to be thwarted than had that of his father been. Eddie did not stick long to studio work, though what he learned has been of undoubted value to him.

Hanging in Daniel Frohman's private office in the Lyceum Theatre, New York, are two canvases by him, which display—well, at least an eye for color. The drawing which he learned—and he had an undoubted taste for it—has been of great service to him. Many of the admirable make-ups of various members of his company have been done from sketches by the actor.

Finding that the lad was determined to act, the father decided to give him an opportunity. His débüt was modest, and it was disastrous. It took place in September, 1879, at Abbey's Park Theatre, New York, then at the corner of Broadway and Twenty-Third Street, during the run of "Sam." He was to appear as a cabman, and had but one line to say,— "Alf a crown, yer honor. I 'ope yer honor won't hobject." A simple enough task. The moment came. The ambitious actor made his entrance, but was suddenly stricken with fright.

His tongue clove to the



E. H. SOTHERN AS LORD CHUMLEY.
From a photograph by Sarony in 1888.

roof of his mouth; his throat contracted; he could not articu-



E. H. SOTHERN AS VALENTINE DANE COURT, DUKE OF GUISEBURY,
IN "THE DANCING GIRL."
From a photograph by Sarony in 1891.

late a word. With shaking knees he walked blindly toward his father. The father stared at him a moment, then scowled at him, then peremptorily ordered him from the scene. He went in a hurry. To the mortification of having failed at a task the humblest supe in the theatre could have accomplished, was added the shame of supposing that the entire

audience had heard his ignominious dismissal, for he had not learned then that it is possible for those on the stage to address one another without being audible across the footlights.

There is something odd about the ambition to act. Failure in other attempts appears to excite discouragement, but it seems as if the more an actor fails the more determined he is to try again. So in December, 1879, Eddie Sothern came to Boston and presented himself at the Museum with a letter from his father to its manager, R. M. Field. Oddly enough, it was at the Museum, in 1852, that the elder Sothern made his American *début*, under the name of Douglas Stewart, as Dr. Pangloss, meeting with such disastrous failure that his engagement was cancelled. One cannot but wonder if the father recalled that fact when he gave his son the letter which was to be presented to Manager Field, of the contents of which the proud and hopeful bearer had not the faintest suspicion. It assured Mr. Field that the object of sending the boy to him was, if possible, to disgust him with the stage, and there was a neatly inferred request for assistance in the tone of the letter. Sothern's stay at the Museum was brief and without opportunities, but he made friends and he did not get disgusted. He was there three months, and during that time he shared the dressing-room in the theatre with E. A. MacDowell, now the husband of Fanny Davenport, George Schiller the comedian, and a young man by the name of Shannon, who was a barber by day. Shannon some years ago deserted the halls of Thespis for the box seat of a cab, which elevated position he still holds.

Young Sothern has in his possession a letter written about this time by his father to Mrs. Vincent, who was a devoted friend to father and son, and for whom both cherished the warmest affection. In it his father writes, "I know that Eddie will never make an actor, yet I will not exercise my authority to keep him off the stage, for then in after life he would always blame me for standing between him and what he imagines would be a brilliant career." It is a pity that the father could not have lived to know how wise was that forbearance, and see his son acquire, while still young, financial success and popular affection.

In the spring of 1880 the elder Sothern returned to England. He had made his last appearance on the stage in the very season that his son made his first. In January of 1881,

E. A. Sothern died. Eddie remained in England with his mother, to whom he was devotedly attached, until her death,



E. H. SOTHERN AS JACK HAMMERTON IN "THE HIGHEST BIDDER."
From a photograph by Falk in 1887.

in 1882, and a part of the time he was a member of Charles Wyndham's company.

Small incidents, after all, have a great effect on life. During his engagement in Wyndham's company he came very near to starting in a wrong direction. In some way he had been cast for villains' parts. Those in the profession alone know how easy it is to drift into a line of business, and how difficult it is to escape from it. Any one who remembers Sothern ten years ago can realize how little he was adapted to that line. One night he was playing Sigismund Fanshawe in a play called "Jessie Vere; or, The Return of the Wanderer." Sigismund was a villain, and in the course of the play one of the characters had to address him with, "Sigismund, you are making a fool of yourself." On this occasion the familiar speech struck the humorous side of the actor, and, laughing outright, he replied, "I believe I am," and then and there he vowed that never again would he play villains. Nor would he ever have broken that vow but for the hard-pressing of

fortune, which forced him to accept such a role when "Mona" was produced in New York, in 1884.



E. H. SOTHERN AS ALLEN BOLLITT IN "THE MAISTER OF WOODBARROW."
From a photograph by Sarony in 1890.

It was 1883 before Sothern returned to America, and since that time he has remained here. He was a member of John McCullough's company the year that that actor went to pieces, and at the disbanding of the organization he was

stranded. There had been a small legacy in money from his father's estate; and with the hope of making it more, he engaged a company to produce a play of his own, entitled, "Whose are They?" The run of the piece was very short-lived, and with it disappeared, as rapidly as a conjurer's coins, his father's legacy. In order to close up this season, he was obliged to borrow three dollars from Joe Haworth, between whom and himself there existed a warm friendship. After that things went from bad to worse, but, luckily, actors are the most hopeful of people. He played six disastrous weeks under the management of John P. Smith; made an appearance in "Nita's First," with Charles Frohman's company; and Christmas, 1884, found him on the road with a snap company in "Called Back" and "Lost." In all of this there had been much acting, and, with the exception of the Frohman engagement, absolutely no money. Then he joined a company playing "Three Wives and One Husband." Ten more salary days passed unattended by any salary, when he had an offer from New York, by telegraph, to join the company being engaged to produce "Fayette," in which Estelle Clayton, with a reputed million dollars behind her, was to star. He felt it to be a turning point, but he had not a penny with which to reach New York. He went to the manager, stating his dilemma, and asking for twenty-five dollars of what was due him. He was refused, and advised to stay where he was. Only one person in the company had a cent of money. This exception was the actress who was playing old women. She took Sothern quietly aside and told him that he must borrow it of her, as he ought not lose the opportunity. Though he would not accept her offer, the generosity braced him up wonderfully, and he managed to induce the landlord of the hotel to advance him the amount on his trunks, went to New York, appeared in "Fayette" and in "Mona."

He had not been mistaken in his impression that this was the turning point of his career. It was during this engagement that he attracted the attention of the late John Rickaby, then manager for Helen Dauvray.

He had repeated in his own career all the trials and failures of his father's experience, but he bore them like a philosopher. Time after time, as he struggled back to New York from a disastrous engagement, he arrived from the Jersey

City ferry without money enough to ride up town. During those days he became a familiar figure in New York, and had already earned the liking of Daniel Frohman, with whom his success as a star is identified. Frohman was at that time managing the Madison Square Theatre for the Mallorys, and it was the days of long runs, when "Hazel Kirke," "Esmeralda," "Young Mrs. Winthrop," and "May Blossom" went through season after season. Day after day he was seen about the theatre, leading his little sister Eva by the hand, and patiently and persistently seeking an engagement, which Frohman would have been glad to have given him if he could. He used to turn him away gently with, "Not yet, Sothern; but in the near future, I hope." That phrase, "in the near future," is still a standing joke between the actor and his manager.

In 1885 Sothern made his first hit, and, as so often happens, it was in a way an accident. He was a member of the company which Rickaby had engaged to support Helen Dauvray when Bronson Howard's "One of Our Girls" was produced at the Lyceum Theatre, New York. Rickaby had been unable to find just the actor he wanted to play the leading part, Captain John Gregory, a young Englishman. It was an exceptionally good role, in a strong company. There was no thought of giving Sothern the part, but for convenience he was allowed to rehearse it until the right actor was found. While the manager was scouring New York in vain, Sothern was working away at the part, and Miss Dauvray was watching him. The first night came; no desirable man had been found, and Sothern was allowed to go on, though there was even then no thought of keeping him in the character. But fate had given him his opportunity, and he took it. He made a great hit, quite walking away with every scene in which he appeared. That hit settled his line of business; it might be designated as the serio-humorous eccentric. It proved to the public that, in spite of many mannerisms of speech and bearing which belonged legitimately to character comedy, E. H. Sothern was a serious actor, and a clever though possibly not a versatile one. It was said of his father by a fellow-actor, "In the career of E. A. Sothern is to be found a striking example of the success of an intense individuality," and the same may be said of the son. Though there are marked similarities to be found in the experiences

and in the gifts of the two men, the talent of the younger being assuredly traced to the gifts of the elder, still those very suggestions but serve to emphasize their diametrical differences. They are on the same line, but far apart. In young Sothern's first success, his manly spirit, a striking characteristic of all his work, was fully as marked as his humor. The proposal scene in "One of Our Girls," which started off so humorously, and in which his staccato speeches —like that in which he thinks it's a pity a fellow couldn't know what his father said to his mother—excited uncontrollable laughter, ended in a beautifully serious and sentimental moment; and few scenes are more indelibly fixed in one's memory than that in the third act, where Jack struck the sneering lips of the count with Kate's glove. His immovability was no longer the queer awkwardness of the Englishman; it was the self-control of a brave and chivalrous man. It is this power of suggesting strongly controlled feeling which keeps Sothern's work, often overdone for fun's sake, manly in its suggestions.

In his second season with Miss Dauvray, at the Lyceum, 1886-87, he appeared in a round of legitimate characters: as Dr. Harrington Lee in "Met by Chance," as Ernest Vane in "Masks and Faces," as Prosper Couramond in "A Scrap of Paper," as Andre de Latour in "Walda Lamar" (in which, by the way, the name of Alexander Salvini headed the cast), and as Wildrake in "The Love Chase." He did conscientious work, but it was not always as satisfactory as it was original. Still the peculiar individuality of his gift was recognized by all New York managers. It was predicted by some critics that he was to be a second Harry Montague; but Daniel Frohman, who had been watching him carefully, knew that his often inflexible personality was better fitted for creating types of character in which a little latitude could be allowed eccentricity. It cannot be claimed that Sothern belongs to that class of actors who put a part on outside their own personalities to conceal the actor, or who sink their own identity behind that of the man they are playing. Intelligent as he is, each man that he acts owes his success to the individuality, the personal charm of the actor. According to the absolute laws of art, this is not as it should be. Fortunately for such actors, the big public is not always of the critic's opinion, and if it learns to love the actor it

ceases to question his methods. Therefore, when an actor is endowed by nature with that mysterious attraction called magnetism, he can quite safely afford to defy the rigid laws which have been set down for acting as an art. Mr. Sothern is not flexible, but he is capable of much feeling, and has a peculiar manner of making others sympathize with that as well as with his humor. Mr. Frohman felt that, and fore-saw a future for the actor; so at the disbanding of Miss Dauvray's company, he assumed charge of Mr. Sothern's affairs.

On May 1, 1887, at the Lyceum Theatre, New York, he was launched as a "star." "The Highest Bidder," his first play, had, in a way, a parental godspeed, for it was founded on a play found in the trunkful of manuscripts which the elder Sothern left. It was originally entitled "Trade," and was by Madison Morton, the author of "Box and Cox." Its success even outran Mr. Frohman's hopes. The play partook largely of the calibre of the actor. It aimed to amuse rather than to photograph life; and it amused so well that the reformers who were shocked at its conventional, theatrical tone could not make their protest heard for the laughter it excited.

Sept. 19, 1887, Mr. Sothern played Bill in "Editha's Burglar," which launched into popularity Elsie Leslie, and Anthony Sheen in "The Great Pink Pearl." Like all Mr. Sothern's productions, this bill was given at the Lyceum Theatre. Aug. 21, 1888, "Lord Chumley" was produced. Aug. 26, 1890, Jerome K. Jerome's "Maister of Woodbarrow" had its first American hearing before it was done in London. Aug. 31, 1891, Henry Arthur Jones' London success, "The Dancing Girl," was produced. Mr. Sothern's four star parts are equally divided between the comedy which caught public favor for him and the serious work in which he is ambitious to be remembered. His "Jack Hammerton" and "Lord Chumley" owed their success to the actor's personality, and after that to his humorous faculty, although each character had moments suggestive of an emotional ability. Each, too, was indicative of an incipient manliness that was winning. Much of this result was won by a truly fine nature, and a temperament much more serious than is usual in young actors. In each play the hero had moments of deep feeling, so sympathetically expressed as to shed a glamour of sentiment over one's recollection of the perform-

ance, and effective enough to eclipse the incongruities in which author and actor had joined to raise a laugh.

In "The Maister of Woodbarrow" Mr. Sothern parted from his eccentric comedy, but only to take a step in eccentric drama, for the hero of that undoubted melodrama gave full scope to all the actor's oddities. The last of his creations, which has been seen outside of New York, was the Duke of Guisebury in the "Dancing Girl," three acts of which were an admirable study of a fine nature gone wrong. This performance is hardly to be judged by the standard of his previous work. He stepped quite outside his peculiar equipment to do a bit of straight acting, and it is to his credit that he took no liberties with the role. What his temperament could lend the character it lent it effectively. He was well bred, suggested always the ineffectual struggle between a right impulse and a weak going under to circumstances, an exact reproduction of the man who might never do his duty, but yielded to no one in knowing it. But with all that he lent the role to make it lovable, he failed to make it convincing. He evinced no inability to conceive the character, but the performance showed a definite limit in his faculty to express himself. In such a performance certain peculiarities of manner which have become a part of the actor's reputation were in the way. For instance, a quaint dragging gait, a peculiar movement of the head,—oddities not fatal, but which the temperament of the actor is not yet strong enough to make convincing,—became blemishes. It is true that greater actors have risen above such peculiarities. Henry Irving, for example, when he played "Hamlet" much underscored his performance by his mannerisms; but they served to hold one's attention, so that after seeing it several times one was inclined to believe "thus walked, thus spoke Hamlet, Prince of Denmark." Sothern has not that power. He is essentially a character actor, and I say it in no spirit of derogation of a man whose style is quite his own, and who can excite laughter without ridicule, and bring tears to eyes above lips that still smile.

During the run of the "Dancing Girl" in New York, at a special matinée, on Oct. 22, 1891, Mr. Sothern gave his first performance of "Lettarblair," which is now running in New York. The play is by Miss Margaret Merrington, a Boston school teacher, and the hero has a delightful brogue. On

Nov. 11, 1891, he produced a monologue entitled, "I Love, Thou Lovest, He Loves," written by himself, which made a great hit.

Personally Mr. Sothern is a charming study. With his father's sense of humor, he lacks his high spirits, being inclined rather to morbidness and sensitive shyness. Possessed of magnetism and that charm which binds his friends to him, he has none of that good fellowship which made his father a famous diner-out and a man popular with every one. He is so keenly alive to the affection of his best friend, the public, that a poor house is a matter of personal grievance to him. He fancies it is his own fault, and suffers all the jealous pain of one fearful of having lost the affection of a dear friend. He is as nervous as he is conscientious, and no actor is more easily upset: a chair out of place, a fellow-actor failing to look him in the face at the right moment, and a rehearsal is called for the next morning.

In the monologue which he wrote, he displays not only his skill as an actor, but also an intuitive knowledge of the complexity of human nature and a decided gift for analyzing the human heart. In it he plays the Honorable George Wingford, a young fellow of some charm, much conceit, selfish as such men are sure to be, but not without sincerity. He is in love, but if he marries her he will forfeit his fortune. What is more vital to his sense of honor is the conviction that he has won a woman's love. He could stand loving her after a fashion; but if she loves him, there is nothing to do but marry her. He does not want to marry; he does not want to lose the girl. The action of the piece takes place in the evening in the Honorable George's rooms, and consists of his self-argument and self-examination. The business is amusing, the action constant, and a glimpse of feeling is discernible under all the selfishness and absurdity. When he has argued himself into a marrying frame of mind, he turns to his mail, which has all the time lain on the table. There is a letter from the woman in question. She tells him that she loves another man. All his misery has been for nothing. Natural consequence, the Honorable George is stunned and miserable; the woman accepted with such a struggle becomes the only thing worth having. Sothern has never done anything which better proves that in his personality is the root of his success. Nor did he ever work harder

rehearsing a whole company than he did rehearsing himself and his "props." He insisted on having real engravings on the wall, where the audience could hardly see them; he wanted half a dozen cigars, at twenty-five cents each, for each performance, that the Honorable George might bite them in his irritability and fling them away,—for the stage hands to pick up; and when his manager objected, he said, testily, "Very well, I'll buy them myself"; and he did. He would have a real lamp-post outside the window to shed real street lamplight through the Honorable George's unhappy self-examination. Finally he capped the climax by preferring a piano organ to a barrel organ to play a street air under the window and be a target for the Honorable George's bootjack. When Mr. Frohman arrived at the theatre one morning, he discovered the stage doorway completely blocked with the big organ which Sothern, with his hat on the back of his head, and the perspiration streaming down his face, was assisting into the building in order "to rehearse it."

From this it may be imagined that Sothern is a very bad first-nighter; but success does everything for him, and after the success of his monologue he forgot all the work it had been, and seriously suggested writing it into three acts and dispensing with a company. He has, in fact, done the three acts, but they are three very short acts, no longer than an ordinary curtain raiser.

It is not very difficult to predict the future of E. H. Sothern. It will be to the end concerned with his personality. That fact limits, of course, his range of parts, but even then it leaves him more latitude than most actors take, for there is a long line of characters now waiting him, in which his personal charm may be found to stand well in the place, so far as the favor of the public is concerned, of naturalism or a mastery of Diderot's ethics. It may never be safe for the actor to dare a close comparison with artists of more pliant physiques and less obtrusive personalities, nor is it likely that his acting will ever teach any great lesson in either art or nature; but it will always a little sweeten the hour, and help one to think better of human nature and the world. Though the minority may cry out for "truth or nothing," the big majority still prefers to have sentiment in the play-house a bit idealized.

HAS ISLAM A FUTURE?

BY THOMAS P. HUGHES, D. D.

By the courtesy of the editor of *THE ARENA*, the advance sheets of an article on "The Future of Islam, by Ibn Ishak" are before me.

It is not my intention to reply to the learned Muslim writer's strictures on European and American society. No one acquainted with the current literature of the day can fail to observe that there is much in the conditions of modern life which is regarded by European and American writers as unsatisfactory. These conditions are, however, the result of a departure from the essential principles of Christ's religion, and cannot therefore be used as an argument against the adaptation of Christianity to the necessities of civilized life.

The divine founder of the Christian religion legislated in the spirit and not in the letter, and it is only in proportion as "the spirit of Christ" is infused into our so-called Christian legislation that it becomes, in the strictest sense, moral. But it must be admitted that, glaring as the immoral conditions of civilized life are, and hypocritical as are many of its legislative enactments, the morality of European and American society is very far in advance of that of Muhammadan countries.

To compare "the civilization which marked the Khalifate of Baghdad, and which gave a diadem of glory to Muslim rule at Cordova," with the social conditions of Paris, London, or New York would call for a volume rather than the restricted limits of a magazine article.

There is, I admit, very much in the strictures of Ibn Ishak which we may reasonably take to heart. But we can scarcely look to Islam for the regeneration of the Western world. For, admitting that the Sultan of Turkey is an imposter, having no claim to the leadership of Islam, there have been countries, Bukhara, Khiva, and Yarkund, for example, which have enjoyed the privilege of Muslim rule as it was ordained by precepts of the Prophet; and yet it would, perhaps, be

impossible to find any nation more completely sunk in darkness and ignorance than those three countries, which for centuries have been ruled strictly according to the Muslim code.

But if Muslims are wrong in their estimate of the comparative benefits of Christianity and Islam, it may, I think, be attributed, somewhat, to the peculiar manner in which the Christian evangelist attempts to convert the Muslim world.

Christian missions to Muslims are but recent institutions. And they unfortunately commenced with the evangelical revival. Consequently, they have carried with them much that is unintelligible to the Oriental mind.

To the Muslim scholar, learned in the principles of his own faith, the crude utterances of the "Bazaar preacher" must often seem as peculiar to his mind, as the curious tight-fitting garments of the European are strange to his vision. Then again, it is unfortunate that Christianity has been re-introduced into the Oriental world as an English creed, carrying with it all that is objectionable in the voice, manner and style of the British ruler. The Muhammadan of Turkey, India and Persia can never separate the religion of the modern missionary from his dislike and prejudice to the Western conqueror.

Thus it is that the English, German, or American missionary, at his best, enters upon his field of labor heavily handicapped, and part of his want of success in winning Muslims to the Christ may be attributed to this very cause.

It must never be forgotten that the Muslim religion brings with it a long line of historic traditions. Traditions of theological conceptions, traditions of doctrinal statements, as well as traditions of ethical life. The Muslim religion stands as much upon its historical continuity as the Christian Church does upon its Apostolical Succession. And, consequently, neither the Westminster Confession, nor the Thirty-nine Articles, nor Wesley's sermons, are very fit weapons wherewith to combat the religion of the great Arabian reformer. It was the present Bishop Westcott, I think, who said that the mind of the Muslim is more likely to move on the lines of Athanasius and Origen than on those of Augustine and Anselm. And yet the Christian literature introduced into the Oriental world by the English, German, and American missionary is saturated with Calvinism and Wesleyanism.

Nay, more, controversies which have agitated the English

Church in modern times have been introduced into the mission field, and it must be exceedingly perplexing to the Muslim mind to discover that the Bishop of a diocese in India has been advised not to celebrate the Eucharist in certain mission churches, because he "retains the eastward position"!

It is not so very long ago that an exceedingly able and popular missionary of an English society was removed from its rolls because he boldly adopted, and preached, those views on eschatology which are held by Dr. Farrar, and probably by three fourths of the English and American clergy, bishops included. In fact, modern missionary societies have shown a strange incompetence for dealing with the gigantic systems of Islam and Buddhism, intrenched as these ancient religions are by the historic continuity of centuries.

Ibn Ishak is perfectly correct when he says that in the study of Islam the Christian writer "sees polygamy on every page."

In singular confirmation of this, the very same mail which brought me THE ARENA's advanced sheets of Ibn Ishak's article, also delivered a curious pamphlet in the English language, sent for my perusal by a friend at King's College, Cambridge, England. It is entitled "A Summary of the History of Muhammad from his Running Away (sic) to Medina until His Death." The author of this compilation appears to be a Rev. T. Williams, and it is printed in the S. P. G. mission at Rewari, in the Punjab. The writer states that the matter for his tract has been taken from Sir William Muir's "Life of Mahomet" whose "statements" he adds, "have never been shown to be wrong, and thirty years is ample time for testing them." Mr. Williams surely ought not to be ignorant of the fact that a learned Muhammadan, Mr. Syed Ameer Ali, published, in London, an English life of Muhammad, in which he pointed out that Sir William Muir's interpretation of the motives and character of the Prophet of Arabia were neither true nor just. And yet Mr. Williams' pamphlet, the sole object of which is to attack the character of Muhammad, and to institute a comparison between the life of Muhammad and that of the Lord Jesus Christ, appears to have been scattered broadcast among the English-speaking Muhammadans of Northern India, and for their special conversion.

This method of dealing with Muhammadanism is so reprehensible that it demands attention.

Carlyle was the first to expose its fallacy, when he wrote "Mahomet himself, after all that can be said about him, was not a sensual man."

And the Rev. Dr. Badger, a clergyman of the Church of England, and a scholar of eminence, boldly asserts that "The polygamy of Muhammad figures favorably by the side of many of the Old Testament saints. Mr. Syed Ameer Ali, "Ibn Ishak," and Syed Ahmed have explained (or have attempted to explain), the polygamy of Muhammad, and it would be well for modern missions if those evangelists who carry in their hands the Biblical accounts of Lot, Jacob, David and Solomon as an inspired record, would avoid this objectionable and unsavory line of controversy.

I refer to this subject with some reluctance. But it must be stated, for it can be clearly proved, I think, that the marriages of Muhammad were contracted for political rather than for licentious reasons.

The whole discussion is beside the mark, and it seems strange that it never occurs to the modern missionary that there is something blasphemous in comparing the life of an Arabian chieftain with that of the Divine Saviour of mankind. Why does he not compare the life of David with the life of Christ? Muhammad always considered himself a poor sinner, but a great prophet. And the beauty of his death, as exhibiting great contrition of spirit, and a sense of unworthiness in the sight of God, has been beautifully described, even by Sir William Muir.

In thus attacking the character of the Prophet of Arabia, the Christian Missionary raises between himself and the Muhammadans, whom he seeks to convert, an almost impassable barrier. I remember, some twenty years ago, when I was a mere tyro in missionary work, preaching in a mosque on the Afghan Frontier, and foolishly adopting this very line of argument. I say foolishly, for I now see that it was an exceedingly kind and hospitable thing for my Muslim host to allow me to preach at all. I had completed a somewhat labored comparison between the life of Christ and the life of Muhammad, when an old gray-bearded Muslim priest, with tears in his eyes, came up to me and solemnly read certain passages from the Kuran, and then said "My young friend,

I have declared unto you the whole counsel of God. You do not know what you are talking about. Leave the mosque." From that moment I began to reconsider the modern methods of missionary preaching. I soon saw that an attack on the character of Muhammad was as offensive to those Muslims, whom I wished to convert, as the ribald blasphemies of Strauss and Thomas Paine are to me now.

The unfortunate part of it is, that the few native converts who join the ranks of Christianity from those of Islam, too readily imbibe this spirit of controversy, and the literature which emanates from the pens of native writers is too frequently characterized by that spirit of bigotry which makes the teaching of the foreign missionary so unacceptable to thoughtful and serious Muslims. Consequently, educated native converts have added little that is original to polemical literature. I remember Dean Stanley once remarking to me that he never found anything original in native Christians from India. Their inner man was as Anglicized as their dress.

Converts from Islam are, I admit, few. There are, however, among them typical men. First and foremost stands the Reverend Imad ud Deen, of the Church Mission in Amritsar, upon whom the Archbishop of Canterbury, about seven years ago, conferred the degree of Doctor in Divinity. When I first went to India, in 1864, Imad ud Deen was a bigoted Muslim moulavie. He is now a devout Christian priest. He possesses great originality as a preacher, and is, mentally, a connecting link between Islam and Christianity. I regard this excellent man as a type of those converts whom we may expect, in course of time, to join the forces of Christianity. With a corps of such men as the Rev. Dr. Imad ud Deen, the whole religious outlook of the Muslim world may be changed.

Another convert whom it was my privilege to know in India, was Subadar Dilawar Khan, a most distinguished man, who died in the political service of the British government (a martyr to the Christian faith), in the snowy ranges of Kashkar. Dilawar Khan was a type of character which I believe is most common in the Muslim community. During his lifetime I cannot say I understood the man. It was my fault, not his. I understand him now. He was a Muslim eclectic, baptized into the Christian Church, and yet retain-

ing a great reverence for the character of Muhammad. He always boasted that he was no missionary's child, and often refused to accept many tenets which seemed essential to the Christian faith.

After very careful observation, extending over many years, I am convinced that there are many such men in the ranks of Islam, who, by careful and prayerful guidance, may be led to join the Christian Church. These men have but little in common with such types of Christian character, excellent though they be, as Mr. Moody, or General Booth. I do not make this remark with any lack of respect for these good men, but to confirm Bishop Westcott's opinion that such Oriental Christians as Dilawar Khan, Imad ud Deen, and some others whom I have known, have more in common with Origen and Athanasius than with Augustine and Anselm.

The great question is, whether American, English, and German missionary societies, as they are now constituted and governed, can initiate and control a movement which would draw out a large following of men of whom I consider these the types.

I would mention the case of another convert to Christianity, who in many respects resembled Dilawar Khan, although the one was a soldier and the other a mystic. It is that of Yahya Bakar, whose story that great missionary bishop, Thomas Valpy French, used to tell so well to English audiences.

Yahya Bakar, visited various missions in Northern India, and was at last baptized at Peshawar, and eventually returned to his native city of Cabul. He, too, was an eclectic. And when his friends came from far and near to inquire as to his new faith, he replied, "In visiting India I found the priests of Christianity differed much among themselves on many subjects, but I can give the germ of their system in a single Persian aphorism:—‘Maseeh eem roz aram.’—‘Christ is peace to-day.’"

Such men as Imad ud Deen, Dilawar Khan and Yahya Bakar have minds so Oriental in the make, that it is impossible for any missionary committee in Boston, or in London, to understand their structure. Men who are troubling their heads with the crude dogmas of Puritanism, or with the mint, anise, and cummin of ecclesiasticism, are immeasurably separated from the Oriental mind, and powerless in originating any great movement among those Muslims who are loosing

anchor of the religion of the Arabian reformer, and are reaching forth to the faith "founded upon the Apostles and Prophets, Jesus Christ Himself being the chief corner-stone."

An ideal missionary to the Muslim world was found in that great missionary, Dr. Thomas Valpy French, who for forty years labored among the Muslims of India, and who was appointed by Lord Salisbury to the Bishopric of Lahore. A few years ago, he resigned his see, in order to exchange the crozier of a government bishop for the simple staff of a missionary preacher, and died last year upon the shore of the Persian Gulf, a martyr to his belief in the possibility of the conversion of Muslims. A scholar by education, Oriental in the cast of his mind, saintly in his character, eclectic in his methods, and liberal in his interpretation of the thoughts of others, he was a typical preacher of the Oriental Christ. In truth, an Origen and an Athanasius.

But the subject of Ibn Ishak's article is, "The Future of Islam." Has the religion of Muhammad any place in the future? Or is it some strange, savage, antiquated thing to crumble into dust, like an old Grecian temple, or like one of those old tombs of the Khalifs in the city of Baghdad?

Undoubtedly Islam has a future in the world of thought, if not of action. Not the future outlined by our learned friend, Ibn Ishak; namely, the erection of domes and minarets in Liverpool and in Boston, or the regeneration of the Western world, but a future in those vast and populous continents of Africa and Asia where the teachings of the Prophet have so manifest a stronghold. There would seem to be no reason why Islam should not, in some way or other, prepare the way for Christianity in the regions of Central Africa as well as those of Central Asia. I cannot regard Muhammadanism as an unqualified good, but it does not usually take the rum cask and the beer barrel in the advance of its missionaries. It tries to keep men sober whilst it preaches the existence of Allah. There are surely some points of contact between Islam and Christianity which may be reached, and in this way, Islam may become as much a schoolmaster (*Παιδαγωγός*), to bring half-civilized nations to Christ, even as traditional and Talmudic Judaism was in the centuries preceding the first advent of our Lord. This possibility is not evident at first sight. But it was forcibly brought to my mind in my intercourse with a missionary

from China, now a bishop of the Church, who, in following my address on the "Principles of Islam," and in speaking on the tenets of Buddhism, said words to this effect: "The Christian missionary to the Muslim seems to begin where the Christian missionary to the Buddhist leaves off; namely, in establishing the existence of a God." In other words, whilst the three hundred million of Buddhists do not believe in the existence of a Supreme Being, nor in the immortality of a personal soul, the two hundred million of Muslims believe in both.

When once we can get both the Christian and the Muslim to lay aside "the sword," and to enter the arena of calm controversy, it is probable that the Muslim may give back just about as much as he has received by enabling the Christian of Western lands to understand the mind of the Oriental Christ.

Let me be explicit. So many Western writers imagine that a Unitarian Christianity would be more acceptable to the Muslim than the Trinitarian formula. Such an assertion, however, can only be made by those who are ignorant of the subtle principles of Islam.

The eternity of the Incarnate Word is not, after all, a strange doctrine to a Muslim, who believes in the eternity of the word,—the wisdom,—the thought of God. The subject might be pursued with interest, but this is not the place for theological disquisitions.

Nor am I inclined to dispute with Ibn Ishak his assertion that, in the code of Islam, we may have something to learn regarding the equalization of property, the monopoly of the necessaries of life, and the accumulation of enormous wealth by selfish men, as well as in its care for the aged, and in its provision for the poor. As I have said, if we can only "sheathe the sword" on both sides, perhaps it may be found that the Arabian legislator had a few good points in his system after all. At all events, a temperate discussion of some of the first principles of Islam may serve as a corrective for that strange infatuation which some Westerns have for the atheistic principles of Buddhist thought.

THE NEGRO QUESTION IN THE SOUTH.

BY THOMAS E. WATSON, M.C.

THE Negro Question in the South has been for nearly thirty years a source of danger, discord, and bloodshed. It is an ever-present irritant and menace.

Several millions of slaves were told that they were the prime cause of the civil war; that their emancipation was the result of the triumph of the North over the South; that the ballot was placed in their hands as a weapon of defence against their former masters; that the war-won political equality of the black man with the white, must be asserted promptly and aggressively, under the leadership of adventurers who had swooped down upon the conquered section in the wake of the Union armies.

No one, who wishes to be fair, can fail to see that, in such a condition of things, strife between the freedman and his former owner was inevitable. In the clashing of interests and of feelings, bitterness was born. The black man was kept in a continual fever of suspicion that we meant to put him back into slavery. In the assertion of his recently acquired privileges, he was led to believe that the best proof of his being on the right side of any issue was that his old master was on the other. When this was the case, he felt easy in his mind. But if, by any chance, he found that he was voting the same ticket with his former owner, he at once became reflective and suspicious. In the irritable temper of the times, a whispered warning from a Northern "carpet-bagger," having no justification in rhyme or reason, outweighed with him a carload of sound argument and earnest expostulation from the man whom he had known all his life; who had hunted with him through every swamp and wooded upland for miles around; who had wrestled and run foot-races with him in the "Negro quarters" on many a Saturday afternoon; who had fished with him at every "hole" in the creek; and who had played a thousand games of "marble" with him under the cool shade of the giant oaks

which, in those days, sheltered a home they had both loved.

In brief, the end of the war brought changed relations and changed feelings. Heated antagonisms produced mutual distrust and dislike—ready, at any accident of unusual provocation on either side, to break out into passionate and bloody conflict.

Quick to take advantage of this deplorable situation, the politicians have based the fortunes of the old parties upon it. Northern leaders have felt that at the cry of "Southern outrage" they could not only "fire the Northern heart," but also win a unanimous vote from the colored people. Southern politicians have felt that at the cry of "Negro domination" they could drive into solid phalanx every white man in all the Southern states.

Both the old parties have done this thing until they have constructed as perfect a "slot machine" as the world ever saw. Drop the old, worn nickel of the "party slogan" into the slot, and the machine does the rest. You might beseech a Southern white tenant to listen to you upon questions of finance, taxation, and transportation; you might demonstrate with mathematical precision that herein lay his way out of poverty into comfort; you might have him "almost persuaded" to the truth, but if the merchant who furnished his farm supplies (at tremendous usury) or the town politician (who never spoke to him excepting at election times) came along and cried "Negro rule!" the entire fabric of reason and common sense which you had patiently constructed would fall, and the poor tenant would joyously hug the chains of an actual wretchedness rather than do any experimenting on a question of mere sentiment.

Thus the Northern Democrats have ruled the South with a rod of iron for twenty years. We have had to acquiesce when the time-honored principles we loved were sent to the rear and new doctrines and policies we despised were engrafted on our platform. All this we have had to do to obtain the assistance of Northern Democrats to prevent what was called "Negro supremacy." In other words, the Negro has been as valuable a portion of the stock in trade of a Democrat as he was of a Republican. Let the South ask relief from Wall Street; let it plead for equal and just laws on finance; let it beg for mercy against crushing taxation,

and Northern Democracy, with all the coldness, cruelty, and subtlety of Mephistopheles, would hint "Negro rule!" and the white farmer and laborer of the South had to choke down his grievance and march under Tammany's orders.

Reverse the statement, and we have the method by which the black man was managed by the Republicans.

Reminded constantly that the North had emancipated him; that the North had given him the ballot; that the North had upheld him in his citizenship; that the South was his enemy, and meant to deprive him of his suffrage and put him "back into slavery," it is no wonder he has played as nicely into the hands of the Republicans as his former owner has played into the hands of the Northern Democrats.

Now consider: here were two distinct races dwelling together, with political equality established between them by law. They lived in the same section; won their livelihood by the same pursuits; cultivated adjoining fields on the same terms; enjoyed together the bounties of a generous climate; suffered together the rigors of cruelly unjust laws; spoke the same language; bought and sold in the same markets; classified themselves into churches under the same denominational teachings; neither race antagonizing the other in any branch of industry; each absolutely dependent on the other in all the avenues of labor and employment; and yet, instead of being allies, as every dictate of reason and prudence and self-interest and justice said they should be, they were kept apart, in dangerous hostility, that the sordid aims of partisan politics might be served!

So completely has this scheme succeeded that the Southern black man almost instinctively supports any measure the Southern white man condemns, while the latter almost universally antagonizes any proposition suggested by a Northern Republican. We have, then, a solid South as opposed to a solid North; and in the South itself, a solid black vote against the solid white.

That such a condition is most ominous to both sections and both races, is apparent to all.

If we were dealing with a few tribes of red men or a few sporadic Chinese, the question would be easily disposed of. The Anglo-Saxon would probably do just as he pleased, whether right or wrong, and the weaker man would go under.

But the Negroes number 8,000,000. They are interwoven with our business, political, and labor systems. They assimilate with our customs, our religion, our civilization. They meet us at every turn,—in the fields, the shops, the mines. They are a part of our system, and they are here to stay.

Those writers who tediously wade through census reports to prove that the Negro is disappearing, are the most absurd mortals extant. The Negro is not disappearing. A Southern man who looks about him and who sees how rapidly the colored people increase, how cheaply they can live, and how readily they learn, has no patience whatever with those statistical lunatics who figure out the final disappearance of the Negro one hundred years hence. The truth is, that the "black belts" in the South are getting blacker. The race is mixing less than it ever did. Mulattoes are less common (in proportion) than during the times of slavery. Miscegenation is further off (thank God) than ever. Neither the blacks nor the whites have any relish for it. Both have a pride of race which is commendable, and which, properly directed, will lead to the best results for both. The home of the colored man is chiefly with us in the South, and there he will remain. It is there he is founding churches, opening schools, maintaining newspapers, entering the professions, serving on juries, deciding doubtful elections, drilling as a volunteer soldier, and piling up a cotton crop which amazes the world.

II.

This preliminary statement is made at length that the gravity of the situation may be seen. Such a problem never confronted any people before.

Never before did two distinct races dwell together under such conditions.

And the problem is, can these two races, distinct in color, distinct in social life, and distinct as political powers, dwell together in peace and prosperity?

Upon a question so difficult and delicate no man should dogmatize — nor dodge. The issue is here; grows more urgent every day, and must be met.

It is safe to say that the present status of hostility between the races can only be sustained at the most imminent risk to both. It is leading by logical necessity to results which the imagination shrinks from contemplating. And the horrors

of such a future can only be averted by honest attempts at a solution of the question which will be just to both races and beneficial to both.

Having given this subject much anxious thought, my opinion is that the future happiness of the two races will never be assured until the political motives which drive them asunder, into two distinct and hostile factions, can be removed. There must be a new policy inaugurated, whose purpose is to allay the passions and prejudices of race conflict, and which makes its appeal to the sober sense and honest judgment of the citizen regardless of his color.

To the success of this policy two things are indispensable — a common necessity acting upon both races, and a common benefit assured to both — without injury or humiliation to either.

Then, again, outsiders must let us alone. We must work out our own salvation. In no other way can it be done. Suggestions of Federal interference with our elections postpone the settlement and render our task the more difficult. Like all free people, we love home rule, and resent foreign compulsion of any sort. The Northern leader who really desires to see a better state of things in the South, puts his finger on the hands of the clock and forces them backward every time he intermeddles with the question. This is the literal truth; and the sooner it is well understood, the sooner we can accomplish our purpose.

What is that purpose? To outline a policy which compels the support of a great body of both races, from those motives which imperiously control human action, and which will thus obliterate forever the sharp and unreasoning political divisions of to-day.

The white people of the South will never support the Republican Party. This much is certain. The black people of the South will never support the Democratic Party. This is equally certain.

Hence, at the very beginning, we are met by the necessity of new political alliances. As long as the whites remain solidly Democratic, the blacks will remain solidly Republican.

As long as there was no choice, except as between the Democrats and the Republicans, the situation of the two races was bound to be one of antagonism. The Republican Party represented everything which was hateful to the whites;

the Democratic Party, everything which was hateful to the blacks.

Therefore a new party was absolutely necessary. It has come, and it is doing its work with marvellous rapidity.

Why does a Southern Democrat leave his party and come to ours?

Because his industrial condition is pitifully bad; because he struggles against a system of laws which have almost filled him with despair; because he is told that he is without clothing because he produces too much cotton, and without food because corn is too plentiful; because he sees everybody growing rich off the products of labor except the laborer; because the millionnaires who manage the Democratic Party have contemptuously ignored his plea for a redress of grievances and have nothing to say to him beyond the cheerful advice to "work harder and live closer."

Why has this man joined the PEOPLE'S PARTY? Because the same grievances have been presented to the Republicans by the farmer of the West, and the millionnaires who control that party have replied to the petition with the soothing counsel that the Republican farmer of the West should "work more and talk less."

Therefore, if he were confined to a choice between the two old parties, the question would merely be (on these issues) whether the pot were larger than the kettle—the color of both being precisely the same.

III.

The key to the new political movement called the People's Party has been that the Democratic farmer was as ready to leave the Democratic ranks as the Republican farmer was to leave the Republican ranks. In exact proportion as the West received the assurance that the South was ready for a new party, it has moved. In exact proportion to the proof we could bring that the West had broken Republican ties, the South has moved. *Without* a decided break in both sections, neither would move. *With* that decided break, both moved.

The very same principle governs the race question in the South. The two races can never act together permanently, harmoniously, beneficially, till each race demonstrates to the other a readiness to leave old party affiliations and to form new ones, based upon the profound conviction that, in acting

together, both races are seeking new laws which will benefit both. On no other basis under heaven can the "Negro Question" be solved.

IV.

Now, suppose that the colored man were educated upon these questions just as the whites have been; suppose he were shown that his poverty and distress came from the same sources as ours; suppose we should convince him that our platform principles assure him an escape from the ills he now suffers, and guarantee him the fair measure of prosperity his labor entitles him to receive,—would he not act just as the white Democrat who joined us did? Would he not abandon a party which ignores him as a farmer and laborer; which offers him no benefits of an equal and just financial system; which promises him no relief from oppressive taxation; which assures him of no legislation which will enable him to obtain a fair price for his produce?

Granting to him the same selfishness common to us all; granting him the intelligence to know what is best for him and the desire to attain it, why would he not act from that motive just as the white farmer has done?

That he would do so, is as certain as any future event can be made. Gratitude may fail; so may sympathy and friendship and generosity and patriotism; but in the long run, self-interest *always* controls. Let it once appear plainly that it is to the interest of a colored man to vote with the white man, and he will do it. Let it plainly appear that it is to the interest of the white man that the vote of the Negro should supplement his own, and the question of having that ballot freely cast and fairly counted, becomes vital to the *white man*. He will see that it is done.

Now let us illustrate: Suppose two tenants on my farm; one of them white, the other black. They cultivate their crops under precisely the same conditions. Their labors, discouragements, burdens, grievances, are the same.

The white tenant is driven by cruel necessity to examine into the causes of his continued destitution. He reaches certain conclusions which are not complimentary to either of the old parties. He leaves the Democracy in angry disgust. He joins the People's Party. Why? Simply because its platform recognizes that he is badly treated and proposes to

fight his battle. Necessity drives him from the old party, and hope leads him into the new. In plain English, he joins the organization whose declaration of principles is in accord with his conception of what he needs and justly deserves.

Now go back to the colored tenant. His surroundings being the same and his interests the same, why is it impossible for him to reach the same conclusions? Why is it unnatural for him to go into the new party at the same time and with the same motives?

Cannot these two men act together in peace when the ballot of the one is a vital benefit to the other? Will not political friendship be born of the necessity and the hope which is common to both? Will not race bitterness disappear before this common suffering and this mutual desire to escape it? Will not each of these citizens feel more kindly for the other when the vote of each defends the home of both? If the white man becomes convinced that the Democratic Party has played upon his prejudices, and has used his quiescence to the benefit of interests adverse to his own, will he not despise the leaders who seek to perpetuate the system?

V.

The People's Party will settle the race question. First, by enacting the Australian ballot system. Second, by offering to white and black a rallying point which is free from the odium of former discords and strifes. Third, by presenting a platform immensely beneficial to both races and injurious to neither. Fourth, by making it to the *interest* of both races to act together for the success of the platform. Fifth, by making it to the *interest* of the colored man to have the same patriotic zeal for the welfare of the South that the whites possess.

Now to illustrate. Take two planks of the People's Party platform: that pledging a free ballot under the Australian system and that which demands a distribution of currency to the people upon pledges of land, cotton, etc.

The guaranty as to the vote will suit the black man better than the Republican platform, because the latter contemplates Federal interference, which will lead to collisions and bloodshed. The Democratic platform contains no comfort to the Negro, because, while it denounces the Republican programme, as usual, it promises nothing which can be specified.

It is a generality which does not even possess the virtue of being "glittering."

The People's Party, however, not only condemns Federal interference with elections, but also distinctly commits itself to the method by which every citizen shall have his constitutional right to the free exercise of his electoral choice. We pledge ourselves to isolate the voter from all coercive influences and give him the free and fair exercise of his franchise under state laws.

Now couple this with the financial plank which promises equality in the distribution of the national currency, at low rates of interest.

The white tenant lives adjoining the colored tenant. Their houses are almost equally destitute of comforts. Their living is confined to bare necessities. They are equally burdened with heavy taxes. They pay the same high rent for gullied and impoverished land.

They pay the same enormous prices for farm supplies. Christmas finds them both without any satisfactory return for a year's toil. Dull and heavy and unhappy, they both start the plows again when "New Year's" passes.

Now the People's Party says to these two men, "You are kept apart that you may be separately fleeced of your earnings. You are made to hate each other because upon that hatred is rested the keystone of the arch of financial despotism which enslaves you both. You are deceived and blinded that you may not see how this race antagonism perpetuates a monetary system which beggars both."

This is so obviously true it is no wonder both these unhappy laborers stop to listen. No wonder they begin to realize that no change of law can benefit the white tenant which does not benefit the black one likewise; that no system which now does injustice to one of them can fail to injure both. Their every material interest is identical. The moment this becomes a conviction, mere selfishness, the mere desire to better their conditions, escape onerous taxes, avoid usurious charges, lighten their rents, or change their precarious tenements into smiling, happy homes, will drive these two men together, just as their mutually inflamed prejudices now drive them apart.

Suppose these two men now to have become fully imbued with the idea that their material welfare depends upon the

reforms we demand. Then they act together to secure them. Every white reformer finds it to the vital interest of his home, his family, his fortune, to see to it that the vote of the colored reformer is freely cast and fairly counted.

Then what? Every colored voter will be thereafter a subject of industrial education and political teaching.

Concede that in the final event, a colored man will vote where his material interests dictate that he should vote; concede that in the South the accident of color can make no possible difference in the interests of farmers, croppers, and laborers; concede that under full and fair discussion the people can be depended upon to ascertain where their interests lie—and we reach the conclusion that the Southern race question can be solved by the People's Party on the simple proposition that each race will be led by self-interest to support that which benefits it, when so presented that neither is hindered by the bitter party antagonisms of the past.

Let the colored laborer realize that our platform gives him a better guaranty for political independence; for a fair return for his work; a better chance to buy a home and keep it; a better chance to educate his children and see them profitably employed; a better chance to have public life freed from race collisions; a better chance for every citizen to be considered as a *citizen* regardless of color in the making and enforcing of laws,—let all this be fully realized, and the race question at the South will have settled itself through the evolution of a political movement in which both whites and blacks recognize their surest way out of wretchedness into comfort and independence.

The illustration could be made quite as clearly from other planks in the People's Party platform. On questions of land, transportation and finance, especially, the welfare of the two races so clearly depends upon that which benefits either, that intelligent discussion would necessarily lead to just conclusions.

Why should the colored man always be taught that the white man of his neighborhood hates him, while a Northern man, who taxes every rag on his back, loves him? Why should not my tenant come to regard me as his friend rather than the manufacturer who plunders us both? Why should we perpetuate a policy which drives the black man into the arms of the Northern politician?

Why should we always allow Northern and Eastern Democrats to enslave us forever by threats of the Force Bill?

Let us draw the supposed teeth of this fabled dragon by founding our new policy upon justice—upon the simple but profound truth that, if the voice of passion can be hushed, the self-interest of both races will drive them to act in concert. There never was a day during the last twenty years when the South could not have flung the money power into the dust by patiently teaching the Negro that we could not be wretched under any system which would not afflict him likewise; that we could not prosper under any law which would not also bring its blessings to him.

To the emasculated individual who cries “Negro supremacy!” there is little to be said. His cowardice shows him to be a degeneration from the race which has never yet feared any other race. Existing under such conditions as they now do in this country, there is no earthly chance for Negro domination, unless we are ready to admit that the colored man is our superior in will power, courage, and intellect.

Not being prepared to make any such admission in favor of any race the sun ever shone on, I have no words which can portray my contempt for the white men, Anglo-Saxons, who can knock their knees together, and through their chattering teeth and pale lips admit that they are afraid the Negroes will “dominate us.”

The question of social equality does not enter into the calculation at all. That is a thing each citizen decides for himself. No statute ever yet drew the latch of the humblest home—or ever will. Each citizen regulates his own visiting list—and always will.

The conclusion, then, seems to me to be this: the crushing burdens which now oppress both races in the South will cause each to make an effort to cast them off. They will see a similarity of cause and a similarity of remedy. They will recognize that each should help the other in the work of repealing bad laws and enacting good ones. They will become political allies, and neither can injure the other without weakening both. It will be to the interest of both that each should have justice. And on these broad lines of mutual interest, mutual forbearance, and mutual support the present will be made the stepping-stone to future peace and prosperity.

IN THE TRIBUNAL OF LITERARY CRITICISM.

BACON VS. SHAKESPEARE.

BY EDWIN REED.

PART I. A BRIEF FOR THE PLAINTIFF.

SECTION IV. INTERNAL EVIDENCE.

Let us now mark certain coincidences in the composition of the plays with the well-known habits and studies of Francis Bacon.

a. A prominent characteristic of Bacon in his literary work was the frequency with which he invented new words. It is safe to say that no other writer, with possibly one exception, ever did so much to diversify and enrich our English tongue. We find many of these words actually taking shape before our eyes in the *Promus*, perhaps a bright nucleus from the Latin in a nebulous envelope of prefixes and suffixes, preparing to shine forever with a radiance of its own in human speech.

In this business of word-building, however, Bacon had a strange double. It is estimated that Shakespeare gave five thousand new words, inclusive of old words with new meanings, to our language. And these additions were also, like Bacon's, derived chiefly from the Latin. They were such as only a scholar could impose upon the king's vernacular.*

"Shakespeare's plays show forty per cent of romance or Latin words." — *Richard Grant White*.

b. Bacon had also a wonderful variety at his command in manner of writing. In this respect, he was a literary chameleon. Abbott says of him: —

* Hallam calls attention to Shakespeare's fondness for words in their primitive meanings. He sees a student's instinct in this attempt, contrary in many cases to popular usage, to keep our language true to its Latin roots. The following are a few examples: "Things base and vile, holding no *quantity*" (for value); "rivers, that have overborn their *continents*" (the *continenta ripa* of Horace); "imagination all *compact*;" "something of great *constancy*" (for consistency); "sweet Pyramus translated there;" "the law of Athens, which by no means we may *extenuate*."

"His style varied almost as much as his handwriting ; but it was influenced more by the subject matter than by youth or old age. Few men have shown equal versatility in adapting their language to the slightest change of circumstance and purpose. His style depended upon whether he was addressing a king, or a great nobleman, or a philosopher, or a friend ; whether he was composing a state paper, magnifying the prerogative, extolling truth, discussing studies, exhorting a judge, sending a New Year's present, or sounding a trumpet to prepare the way for the kingdom of man over nature."

It does not follow, of course, that because he had this "wonderful ductility," as Hallam calls it, therefore he wrote the plays. The converse of the proposition, however, is worth noting ; viz., without it he would have been disqualified for the task.

We must venture one step farther. Did Bacon possess among his numerous varieties of style that which characterizes Shakespeare ? On this point it may as well be conceded at once that the essays by which he is best known are, for purposes of this comparison, the least useful of his writings. They are *sui generis*, so closely packed with thought that they can be compared only with cannon balls. Their style differs from that of the plays as the cultured tread of the "Seventh" regiment on Broadway differs from the easy, natural swing that distinguished Sherman's Army of the Tennessee, as it was seen on Pennsylvania Avenue in 1865, a swing into which a hundred victories had instilled their power. Indeed, we should as soon think of comparing the chopped sea of the English channel with the long, rolling swell of the Atlantic.

To face the difficulty squarely and on terms most rigorous for Bacon, we give an example of each, as follows : —

Bacon : —

"Crafty men contemn studies, simple men admire them, and wise men use them.

"Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider.

"Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested.

"Reading maketh a full man ; conference a ready man ; and writing an exact man.

"Histories make men wise ; poets, witty ; the mathematics, subtle ; natural philosophy, deep ; moral, grave ; logic and rhetoric, able to contend."

On Studies.

Shakespeare:—

“ Ay, but to die, and go we know not where ;
 To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot ;
 This sensible warm motion to become
 A kneaded clod ; and the delighted spirit
 To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
 In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice ;
 To be imprisoned in the viewless winds,
 And blown with restless violence round about
 The pendant world.”

Measure for Measure, iii., 1.

Evidently we must carry our search beyond the Essays, if we would find the missing style. The distance between the above two specimens, measured on an arc, cannot be much less than 180°.

The problem is a double one. On the basis of a common authorship we ought to detect in Shakespeare a resemblance here and there to the extract from the Essay, and also, in some of Bacon's prose compositions, a resemblance to the passage given from the play. Let us try both, making due allowance for the incompatibility of poetry and prose.

1. In Shakespeare:—

The difficulty under this head is an embarrassment of riches. Illustrations lurk behind every rock and bush, like the clansmen of Roderic Dhu in Coilantogle ford.

We cite a few, taken almost at random:—

“ Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them.” *Twelfth Night*, iii., 4.

“ It would be argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest forever.” *1st Henry IV.*, ii., 2.

“ One draught above heat makes him a fool, the second mads him, and a third drowns him.” *Ibid.*, i., 5.

“ The retort courteous ; the grip modest ; the reply churlish ; the reproof valiant ; the countercheck quarrelsome ; the lie with circumstances ; the lie direct.” *As You Like It*, v., 4.

“ How shall we stretch our eye, when capital crimes, chewed, swallowed, and digested, appear before us ? ” *Henry V.*, ii., 2.

2. In Bacon:—

The following are gems not unworthy of the great dramatist :

“ The ocean, the solitary handmaid of eternity.”

“ Men must learn that in this theatre of man's life it is reserved only for God and the angels to be lookers-on.”

“ It may be you will do posterity good, if out of the carcass of

dead and rotten greatness, as out of Samson's lion, there may be honey gathered for future times."

In further elucidation of this matter of style, the following examples are taken promiscuously from the two sets of works. We challenge our readers to draw the lines of cleavage between them: —

"I saw him run after a gilded butter-fly, and when he caught it, he let it go again; and after it again."

"To be like a child following a bird, which, when he is nearest, flyeth away and lighteth a little way before; and then the child after it again."

"Extreme self-lovers will set a man's house afire to roast their own eggs."

"Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues we write in water."

"False of heart, light of ear, bloody of hand; hog in sloth, fox in stealth, wolf in greediness, dog in madness, lion in prey."

"Weight in gold, iron in hardness, the whale in size, the dog in smell, the flame of gunpowder in rapid extension."

"Riches are the baggage of virtue; they cannot be spared nor left behind, but they hinder the march."

"I have thought that some of Nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well; they imitated humanity so abominably."

"Some noises help sleep, as [for instance] soft singing; the cause is, they move in the spirits a gentle attention."

"I am never weary when I hear sweet music; the reason is, your spirits are attentive."

"Amongst all the great and worthy persons whereof the memory remaineth, there is not one that hath been transported to the mad degree of love; which shows that great spirits and great business do keep out this weak passion."

"I do much wonder that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviors to love, will, after he hath laughed at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn by falling in love."

"[Men are] like ants, crawling up and down. Some carry corn, and some carry their young, and some go empty; and all, to and fro, a little heap of dust."*

c. Bacon's versatility appeared also in his intercourse with persons of various trades and occupations in life. He had a distinct reputation among his contemporaries for ability to meet men on their own ground and converse with them in the special dialects to which they were accustomed in their

*Of these thirteen test examples, seven are from Bacon and six from Shakespeare.

pursuits. He was especially a complete master of the language of the farm. His writings are full of homely provincialisms, such as the following: "Money is like muck, not good except it be spread;" "if you leave your staddles too thick, you will never have clean underbrush." And many of the flowers of rhetorie with which his works are bestrewed strike their roots down into hawking, hunting, and fishing.

"I have heard him entertain a country lord in the proper terms relating to hawks and dogs; and at another time out-cant a London chirurgeon."

Francis Osborn.

In like manner, the plays are redolent of the soil. The use of provincial and archaic forms of speech is one of their prominent characteristics. The author seems to have been at home equally in the cottage and the palace.

d. Again, Bacon was constantly making alterations in his writings, even after they had gone to press. Of the ten essays which he published in 1597, nearly all were more or less changed and enlarged for the edition of 1612. Those of 1612, including the ten before mentioned, were again enlarged for publication in 1625. It seems to have been almost impossible for an essay to get to the types a second time without passing through his reforming hand, in one instance actually losing identity in the transition.

This was precisely the fate of the plays. Some of them underwent complete transformation between the quartos and the folio, becoming practically new compositions, and, what is very singular, working away from the requirements of the stage into forms more purely artistic and literary.

If there were two workshops, it is certain that one set of rules governed both.

e. Bacon's sense of humor, as has already been shown, was phenomenal, and yet it had one curb which it always obeyed.

In his "Essay of Discourse," he lays down the rule, among others, that religion should never be the butt of a jest. Accordingly, it is impossible to find, in all the wild rollicking fun of the plays, even a flippancy at the expense of the Church.

f. In the local dialect of the University of Cambridge, students do not live, but "keep," in rooms.*

* Dickens' Dictionary of Oxford and Cambridge.

In "Titus Andronicus," one of the earliest of the plays, written, as White suggests, when the author's mind was fresh from academic pursuits, we find the following:—

"Knock at his study where, they say, he keeps."

Bacon was educated at Cambridge.

g. The two authors had the same friends. Bacon and the Earl of Southampton were fellow-lodgers at Gray's Inn, and for many years devoted adherents of Essex. The Shakespeare poems, "Venus and Adonis" and "Lucrece," were dedicated to Southampton.

The Earls of Pembroke and Montgomery were shareholders with Bacon in Lord Somer's ill-fated expedition to America; to them was dedicated the first collected edition of the plays.

They had also the same enemies. Lord Cobham was one of the leaders of the party opposed to Essex. Among his ancestors was the noble martyr, Sir John Oldcastle, whose name the dramatist, with his usual deference to the established order of things, at first adopted for the character of Falstaff. Even after he had made the change, he could not forbear the following sly hit at the family:—

"*Fal.*—And is not my host of the tavern a most sweet wench ?

"*Prince Hen.*—As the honey of Hybla, my old lord of the castle."
—*1st Henry IV.*, i., 2.

Bacon's most implacable enemy, however, was Sir Edward Coke. The two were constant rivals for the favor of the court and for the highest honors of the profession to which they belonged. They were rivals, too, for the hand of Lady Hatton, the beautiful widow, who finally waived the ten objections which her friends urged against Coke (his nine children and himself) and gave him the preference. At one time, the contention became so personal and bitter that Bacon appealed to the government for help.

In "Twelfth Night," we find the following portraiture of Coke, drawn by no friendly hand:—

"*Sir Toby*—Taunt him with the license of ink; if thou thou'st him thrice,* it shall not be amiss; and as many lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the Bed of Ware in England, set 'em down." iii., 2.

* A reference to Coke's brutal speech at the trial of Sir Walter Raleigh, in which occur these words: "Thou viper! for I thou thee, thou traitor!"

h. The philosopher and the dramatist were at one, also, in the ease and frequency, not to say unscrupulousness, with which they appropriated to their own use the writings of others. Bacon's audacity in this respect is unequalled, unless we except Shakespeare, in the whole range of the world's literature. Both authors lit their torches, as Rawley says of Bacon, "at every man's candles."

i. Bacon's home was at St. Albans, on the River Ver, especially interesting as the site of the ancient city of Verulamium. Among the local traditions of the place, verified by old coins found in the soil, is one respecting a king named Cymbeline, who reigned there in the early part of the Christian era, and who had intimate relations with Rome. The story of Cymbeline furnished some of the incidents, even to minute particulars, of the Shakespearean play that bears his name.

j. Bacon was very fond of puns. He not only handed down to posterity numerous specimens found in his reading, but he immortalized some of his own in the *Apothegms*. The Spanish Ambassador, a Jew, happening to leave England Easter morning, paid his parting respects to Bacon, wishing him a good Easter. Bacon replied, wishing his friend a good *pass-over*. The plays also abound in this species of wit. A remarkable instance may be quoted from the "Merry Wives of Windsor," thus:—

"Evans — Accusatiro, hing, hang, hog.

"Quick — Hang hog is Latin for bacon, I warrant you."

Act iv., 1.

This refers to a pun perpetrated by Sir Nicholas Bacon, father of Francis. One day a culprit, named Hog, appealed to Judge Bacon's mercy on the ground that they were of the same family. "Aye," replied the Judge, "you and I cannot be kindred except you be hanged; for hog is not bacon until it be well hanged."

The appearance of this family pun in the plays is significant.

k. Bacon's prose works overflow with citations from classical literature. They are filled to saturation with ancient lore. This is true also of the plays. They make us breathe the very air of Greece and Rome. The following is only a partial list of the classical authors the influence of

whose writings has been traced in them: Homer, Plato, Aristotle, Sophocles, Euripides, Aeschylus, Lucian, Galen, Ovid, Lucretius, Tacitus, Horace, Virgil, Plutarch, Seneca, Catullus, Livy, and Plautus, all of whom were known to Bacon. A curious instance is the following:—

“Thy promises are like Adonis' gardens,
That one day bloomed and fruitful were the next.”

First Henry VI., i., 6.

This reference puzzled all the commentators for nearly three hundred years, Richard Grant White declaring that “no mention of any such gardens in the classic writings of Greece or Rome is known to scholars.” It has recently been found, however, in Plato's “Phaedrus,” a work that had not been translated into English in Shakespeare's time.

“It is the ease and naturalness with which the classical allusions are introduced to which it is the most important that we should attend. They are not purple patches sewed on to a piece of plain homespun; they are inwoven in the web.

“He (Farmer) leaves us at full liberty, for anything he has advanced, to regard Shakespeare as having had a mind richly furnished with the mythology and history of the times of antiquity, an intimate and inwrought acquaintance, such as perhaps few profound scholars possess.”—*Hunter*.

I. Bacon's paramount aspiration was to possess and impart wisdom. He was indefatigable in his search for it, analyzing motives and turning the light of his genius upon the most hidden springs of conduct. Nothing was too remote or recondite for his use. It was inevitable, then, that his mind should fall easily and naturally into those channels of thought which the “wit of one and the wisdom of many” have worn deep in human experience. The Promus fairly sparkles with proverbs. Nearly every known language appears to have been ransacked for them. From the Promus they were poured copiously into the plays. Mrs. Pott finds nearly two thousand instances in which they beautify and enrich these wonderful works.

“In Bacon's works we find a multitude of moral sayings and maxims of experience, from which the most striking mottoes might be drawn for every play of Shakespeare, aye, for every one of his principal characters . . . testifying to a remarkable harmony in their mutual comprehension of human nature.”—*Gervinus*.

m. Bacon's whole life was passed in the atmosphere of the court. At the age of ten he was patted on the head by

Queen Elizabeth and called her "young lord keeper." When sixteen, he went to Paris in the suite of the British ambassador, and lived three years in that gay capital and its vicinity, studying not only the arts of diplomacy, but all the penetralia of court life. On his return he was freely admitted to the presence of royalty, was the friend of princes, and, filling the highest offices in the gift of the king, was elevated to the peerage. It is not surprising, therefore, that the plays, almost without exception, have their movement in the highest circles of society. The common people are kept in the background, and are referred to in terms, often bordering on contempt, that show the author to have been of a higher rank.

"Shakespeare despised the million, and Bacon feared with Phocion the applause of the multitude." — *Gerrinus*.

"He (Shakespeare) was a constitutional aristocrat." — *Appleton Morgan*.

"The ignorant and rude multitude." — *Bacon*.

"The rude multitude; the base vulgar." — *Shakespeare*.

n. Bacon was continually hiding his personality under disguises. One of the first acts of his public career was to invent a cipher for letter writing. He even invented a cipher within a cipher, so that, if the first should by any chance be disclosed, the other, imbedded in it, would escape detection. At one time he carried on a fictitious correspondence, intended for the eye of the queen, between his brother Anthony and the Earl of Essex, composing the letters on both sides, and referring to himself in the third person. He published one of his philosophical works under a pseudonym, and another, as though it were the wisdom of the ancients stored in fables. Ben Jonson, in a poem addressed to Bacon on one of his birthdays, says: —

"In the midst
Thou standst as though a mystery thou didst."

In sonnet LXXVI. we find the following: —

"Why write I still all one, ever the same,
And keep invention in a noted weed,
That every word doth almost tell my name,
Showing their birth and whence they did proceed?"

Here is a plain statement that the author of this sonnet was writing under a disguise.

The same remarkable admission appears in Bacon's prayer:—

“The state and bread of the poor and oppressed have been precious in mine eyes; I have hated all cruelty and hardness of heart; I have, though in a despised weed, sought the good of all men.”

The word *weed* signifies garment; particularly (as Bacon elsewhere uses it) one that disguises the wearer. It will be noted that this confession reveals at once his own views of the drama (already quoted), those of the people around him, and his *incognito*.

o. Early in life, Bacon determined to make all knowledge his province. He became fired with this ambition at college, when he discovered that the authority of Aristotle, then supreme over the minds of men, was based on erroneous postulates. Accordingly, he resolved, single-handed, to demolish the whole structure of philosophy as it then existed, and at least to indicate the methods by which it should be rebuilt. To accomplish this, he knew he must compass all the knowledge of his time, as the great Stagirite had done before him. How well and faithfully he fulfilled his task, let the gratitude and veneration of mankind make answer. Among the names of the five most illustrious men of all the world, Bacon's has a place, and that place at or near the head.*

Of the various arts and sciences into which he pushed his investigations, we may specify the following:—

Philosophy.—Bacon has been called the father of inductive philosophy, because he, more than any other, taught the natural method of searching for truth. Before his time, men had conceived certain principles to be true, and from them had reasoned down to facts. The consequence was that facts became more or less warped to fit theories, and the discovery of new facts, out of harmony with the theories, a matter of regret, and even of condemnation. Under this system, obviously, the world could make but slow progress.

Bacon started at the other end. The cast of his mind was distinctively synthetical. His choice of the inductive method for his investigations, a process from the particular to the general, and from the general to the universal, shows

* Bacon, Plato, Napoleon Bonaparte, Julius Caesar, Pericles.

the direction of his intellectual fibre. In this he simply obeyed a law of his being, as a carpenter drives his plane with the grain of the wood. He had no knowledge of mathematics, a science almost purely analytic. He discarded the syllogism, because it opens with a broad assumption and reasons downward. On the other hand, he had an ability to detect analogies and to combine, never surpassed, perhaps never equalled, among the children of men. In a word, his mind, though in a high degree subtle, was phenomenally comprehensive, able to project a vast temple of science in which every department should have its appropriate space, but not to excavate to solid rock on which to lay the foundations and erect the structure. Even at this distance of time we are amazed at the mass of materials gathered together by this intellectual giant from all quarters, and lying about in great promiscuous heaps on the ground where he toiled.

Bacon's eminence as a philosopher is one of the interesting paradoxes of our time. On one point only are all agreed; viz., that he is a resplendent orb in the light of which, across the interval of three centuries, every man still casts a shadow. His brightness prevents a clear definition of his disk. No two critics agree as to the nature or cause of the profound impression he has made on mankind. Their comments remind us of the inscription on a monument in Athens, "To the UNKNOWN GOD."

Bacon himself was full of contradictions. He often violated his own precepts. He declared he was only "ringing a bell" for others, and yet he took no notice of those who, as it were, obeyed his summons. He sneered at Copernicus and at the theory of the solar system with which that illustrious name is linked forever. He betrayed no sympathy with Galileo. He turned a deaf ear to Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood; to Gilbert, who first proclaimed the earth a magnet; to Napier, the inventor of logarithms; and to Kepler, whose formula of planetary laws imparts dignity to human nature itself. All these, with the exception of Copernicus, were his contemporaries, illustrating his own favorite methods and adding glory before his face to his own glorious age. Any estimate of Bacon into which these facts do not fit is utterly worthless.

The only rational and consistent view is this: Bacon

was, first, a poet; secondly, a philosopher. Over and above his other faculties towered the creative, that which gave eloquence to his tongue, splendor to his style, and an exhaustless illumination to his whole being. If he sometimes failed to discern a truth close at hand in the practical affairs of life, he was like the angels before the Throne, hiding their eyes under their wings.

"A similar combination of different mental powers was at work in them; as Shakespeare was often philosophical in his profoundness, Bacon was not seldom surprised into the imagination of the poet." — *Gervinus.*

History. — Historical literature had a special charm for Bacon. His history of the reign of Henry VII. is an English classic; his portraiture of Julius Cæsar, an epitome of one of the world's most interesting and important epochs.

Shakespeare's mind ran in the same channels. Nearly half the plays are historical, and they deal with those periods to which Bacon gave particular attention, the English Henrys and the career of Rome.

"Where have you learned the history of England?" it was asked of the greatest statesman of the last century. Lord Chatham replied: "In the plays of Shakespeare." — *Dean Stanley.*

"The marvellous accuracy, the real, substantial learning of the three Roman plays of Shakespeare, present the most complete evidence to our minds that they were the result of a profound study of the whole range of Roman history." — *Knight.*

Law. — Bacon began the study of law at nineteen, several years before the appearance of the first of the Shakespeare plays. His mastery of the subject was prompt and thorough. At fifty he was the leading jurist of the age.

The use of legal terms in the plays, always in their exact significance, and sometimes showing profound insight into the principles on which they rest, has long excited the wonder of the world. On this point we have already given the opinion of Chief Justice Campbell; we will add the testimony of Richard Grant White, a witness on the other side, and now speaking, as it were, under cross-examination, as follows:

"No dramatist of the time, not even Beaumont, who was a younger son of a judge of the Common Pleas, and who, after studying in the inns of court, abandoned law for the drama, used legal phrases with Shakespeare's readiness and exactness. And the significance of this fact is heightened by another, that it is only to the language of the law that he exhibits this inclination. The phrases

peculiar to other occupations serve him on rare occasions, generally when something in the scene suggests them; but legal phrases flow from his pen as part of his vocabulary and parcel of his thought. . . . And besides, Shakespeare uses his law just as freely in his early plays, written in his first London years, as in those produced at a later period. Just as exactly, too; for the correctness and propriety with which these terms are introduced have compelled the admiration of a chief justice and a lord chancellor."

The conclusion is well-nigh irresistible that a trained lawyer was the author of the plays. The only possible escape from it is through Portia's unprecedented rulings in the trial scene in "The Merchant of Venice"; as though a beautiful damsel, sitting as judge on the bench, and in love with one of the parties interested in the suit, were expected to follow legal precedents! We shall next be told that the delicious absurdities of "Pinafore" came from one ignorant of discipline on a man-of-war. "My gallant crew, good morning," says Captain Corcoran, boarding his ship. "Good morning, sir," is the cheery reply from all hands. What dunces Gilbert and Sullivan must be!

Medicine.—Upon the theory and practice of medicine, Bacon lavished at times all his powers. The study seems to have had a special fascination for him. He was puddering in physic, he says, all his life. He even kept an apothecary among his personal retainers, seldom retiring to bed without a dose.

Physicians tell us that the writer of the plays was a medical expert. Dr. Bucknill has written a book of three hundred pages, and Dr. Chesney one of two hundred, to prove this. We know that the names of Galen and Paracelsus roll from the tongues of the *dramatis personæ* like household words. Bacon's mother was afflicted in the latter part of her life with insanity. The portrayal of that dreaded disease in "Hamlet" and "King Lear" is to this day a psychological marvel.*

"We confess, almost with shame, that although nearly two centuries and a half have passed since Shakespeare wrote 'King Lear,'

* It has been conjectured that Shakespeare derived his knowledge of medical science from his son-in-law, Mr. Hall, who was a physician. This is negatived by two considerations, viz.: 1. Hall married Susannah Shakespeare in 1607, twenty years after the plays began to appear, and long after those were written in which this specialty is most displayed. 2. His professional attainments were of too low a character to sustain such an inference. Fortunately, we have his memorandum book in which he noted down his most important cases, and the methods of treatment he applied to them. Conspicuous among his remedies are powdered human skull and human fat, tonics of earth worms and snails, solution of goose excrements, frog-spawn water, and swallows' nests—straw, sticks, dung and all.

we have very little to add to his method of treating the insane, as there pointed out."—*Dr. Brigham.*

Natural History.—No department of science was more thoroughly explored by Bacon than natural history. If he had anticipated a general deluge of ignorance, he could not have gathered into an ark a more complete menagerie than the one we find in his *Silva Silvarum*. Nearly every living species in the four quarters of the earth is represented there.

In one other author alone, not professedly technical, do we find equally accurate and copious references to animals and plants. That author is Shakespeare. The books that have been written to show his knowledge on this subject constitute a small library. We have one by Harting on the Ornithology of Shakespeare; another by Phipson on his Animal Lore; three by Ellacombe, Beisly, and Grindon on his Plant Lore; and an elaborate treatise by Patterson on the insects mentioned in the plays.

Religion.—The Bacon family was Catholic under Mary and Protestant under Elizabeth. As a consequence, Francis had no strong predilections in favor of either sect. In religion as in philosophy, he abhorred sects, and sought only what was universal. The sincerity of his faith in an overruling Providence we have no reason to doubt, though his own statement that "a little philosophy inclineth man's mind to atheism, but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion," may have been, intentionally or unintentionally, autobiographical, indicating some laxity of opinions on this subject in the early part of his life. The anxieties and constant admonitions of his mother, culminating in the dethronement of her reason, as well as the subsequent battles of religious controversialists over his *status*, would seem to justify this inference.

"He was in power at the time of the Synod of Dort, and must for months have been deafened with talk about election, reprobation, and final perseverance. Yet we do not remember a line in his works from which it can be inferred that he was either a Calvinist or an Arminian." — *Macaulay.*

Shakespeare's religion was also an anomaly. Several books have been written on it, but they might have been compressed into the dimensions of Horrebow's famous chapter on snakes in Iceland. Some infer, from his toleration amid the fierce resentments of his time, that he was a

Catholic; others, from the defiance hurled at the Pope in "King John," and from the panegyric on Cranmer in "Henry VIII.," that he was a Protestant; while others still, finding no consolations from belief in a future life in the plays, proclaim him an infidel. Indeed, pious commentators always approach this subject walking backward and holding a mantle before them. They know instinctively that the great poet was also a great philosopher, building solidly on human reason, and from the summit of his magnificent structures allowing not even a vine to shoot upward.

"No church can claim him." — *Richard Grant White.*

"Both have an equal hatred of sects and parties: Bacon, of sophists and dogmatic philosophers; Shakespeare, of Puritans and zealots. . . . Just as Bacon banished religion from science, so did Shakespeare from art. . . . In both, this has been equally misconstrued, Le Maistre proving Bacon's lack of Christianity, as Birch has done that of Shakespeare." — *Gerrinus.*

Music. — Both authors took great delight in music. Bacon devoted a long chapter of his "Natural History" to the consideration of sounds and the laws of melody. In the plays, we find nothing sweeter than the strains that "creep in our ears" as we read them.

"Lord Bacon has given a great variety of experiments, touching music, that show him to have been, not barely a philosopher, an inquirer into the phenomena of sound, but a master of the science of harmony, and very intimately acquainted with the precepts of musical composition." — *Sir John Hawkins.*

"Shakespeare seems to have been proficient in the art." — *Richard Grant White.*

"He (Shakespeare) seems also to have possessed, in an unusual degree, the power of judging and understanding the theory of music, that upon which the performance and execution of music depends. In the "Two Gentlemen of Verona" (i. 1.), where the heroine of the play is conversing with her maid, there is a passage which enters so fully into the manner of how a song should be sung, that it seems to have been inserted intentionally to exhibit the young poet's knowledge in this branch of art. And Burney draws attention to the fact that the critic, who, in the scene referred to, is teaching Lucetta Julia's song, makes use of no expressions but such as were employed by the English as *termini technici* in the profession of music." — *Ulrici.*

Oratory. — Bacon was a natural orator. Ben Jonson says of him: —

"There happened in my time one noble speaker, who was full of

gravity in his speaking. . . . His hearers could not cough or look aside from him without loss. He commanded where he spoke, and had his judges angry and pleased at his will. No man had their affections more in his power. The fear of every man who heard him was, lest he should make an end."

Another contemporary pronounced him "the eloquentest man that was born in this island."

Turning to the plays, we find there the most wonderful speech that ever passed, or was supposed to pass, human lips. In power of sarcasm, in pathos, in sublimity of utterance, and, above all, in rhetorical subtlety, Mark Antony's oration over the body of Cæsar has no equal in forensic literature.

"Every line of this speech deserves an eulogium; . . . neither Demosthenes, nor Cicero, nor their glorious rival, the immortal Chatham, ever made a better." — *Sherlock*.

Printing. — Bacon's knowledge of the printer's art extended to the minutest details. His first book was published when he was twenty-four, but under so heavy a title, "The Greatest Birth of Time," that it sank at once into the sea of oblivion. The mysteries of the craft, however, became finally very familiar to him. In the "Novum Organum" he announced his intention of writing a treatise on the subject, going so far as to include ink, pens, paper, parchment, and seals in his prospectus for it.

The encyclopedic Shakespeare was also at home in the composing and press rooms. "He could not have been more so," says Mr. Appleton Morgan, "if he had passed his days as a journeyman printer."

"A small type, called *nonpareil*, was introduced in English printing-houses from Holland about the year 1560, and became admired and preferred beyond the others in common use. It seems to have become a favorite with Shakespeare, who calls many of his lady characters 'nonpareils.'" — *Morgan*.

Astrology. — In common with most of his contemporaries, Bacon had a lingering belief in astrology. So had the author of the plays. The planets are "good," "favorable," "lucky," or "ill-boding," "angry," and "malignant," according to their position at the moment of one's birth.

Navigation. — Among the subjects investigated by Bacon, that which surprises us most to find is, perhaps, the art of navigation. He went into it so thoroughly, however, that

one of his editors feels compelled, by way of illustration, to give the picture of a full-rigged ship as a frontispiece to the book.

We are still more astonished, or should be if we were not prepared for it, to find that Shakespeare had the same unusual knowledge. He not only "knows the ropes," but he knows exactly what to do on shipboard in a storm. Even the dialect of the forecastle is familiar to him.

"Of all negative facts in regard to his (Shakespeare's) life, none, perhaps, is surer than that he never was at sea." — *Richard Grant White.*

Bacon's studies, it is evident, furnished the warp and woof of the plays. Unravel any of these great compositions, and you will find the same threads that are woven into his prose.

VI.

Here, then, is our Shakespeare. A man born into the highest culture of his time, the consummate flower of a long line of distinguished ancestry; of transcendent abilities, dominated by a genius for hard work; of aims in life, at once the boldest and the most inspiring which the heart of man ever conceived; in originality and power of thought, in learning, in eloquence, in wit, and in marvellous insight into character, the acknowledged peer of the greatest of the human race. "Surely," says Holmes, "we may exclaim with Coleridge, not without amazement still: 'Merciful, wonder-making Heaven! what a man was this Shakespeare! Myriad-minded, indeed, he was.'"

Ours is an age of disillusion. Heroes whose names have kindled the flame of devotion to duty in the hearts of millions are fading into myths. The majestic form of William Tell is found to be but a lengthened shadow thrown across the page of history. Even the faithful dog Gelert, over whose fate so many children have shed tears, has become as purely symbolic as the one that followed Yudhishthira to the holy mount, and was thence for his virtues translated into heaven. Why should the world longer worship at the shrine of a man of whose life it knows, almost literally, in a mass of disgusting fiction, but one significant fact; viz., that in his will, disposing of a large property, he

left to the wife of his youth and the mother of his children nothing but his "second-best bed!"

"Shakespeare's will was one of great particularity, making little legacies to nephews and nieces, and leaving swords and rings to friends and acquaintance; and yet his wife's name is omitted from the document in its original form, and only appears by an after-thought, in an interlineation, as if his attention had been called to the omission, and for decency's sake he would not have the mother of his children unnoticed altogether. The lack of any other bequest than the furniture of her chamber is of small moment in comparison with the slight shown by that interlineation. A second-best bed might be passed over; but what can be done with second-best thoughts?" — *Richard Grant White*.

The conclusion of the whole matter may be stated thus: The Sonnets will lose none of their sweetness, and the Plays none of their magnificence, by a change in the ascription of authorship. The world, however, will gain much. It will learn that effects are always commensurate with their causes, and that industry is the path to greatness.

SHOULD THE NUMBER OF THE FEDERAL HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES BE LIMITED TO ITS PRESENT NUMBER?*

BY HON. MARRIOTT BROSius, M. C.

THE average American looks with disfavor upon any proposal to amend the Federal Constitution. For over sixty years its sacred fabric was untouched. No empiricism was bold enough to suggest an alteration in its organic structure. This reluctance may be due in part to a widely prevailing conviction that the framers of the instrument builded so wisely that no room exists for improvement, and in part to a deep veneration for what was established by the founders of our federal system. Respect for the work of the "fathers," within limits, is commendable; but it ought not to blind us to needed improvements. Age can never sanctify error. No repugnance to change should make us indifferent to known defects. It is better to employ our minds in thinking what ought to be done now, than in remembering what was done a hundred years ago. A disposition to amend the existing order is a necessary part of progress in politics, as elsewhere. A conservative caution is well, but a wise promptitude in making alterations when they are due is the highest statesmanship.

To bring the existing situation into distinct view, it can be stated that the only limitations upon the power of Congress to regulate the number of the House of Representatives are, that it shall not exceed one for every thirty thousand inhabitants, and that each state shall have at least one member. These restrictions are a distinct concession of the principle for which we are contending, and they had for their object the prevention of a too numerous and unwieldy House. There was no fear that it would be too small for effective legislation. Story, in his *Commentaries*, says: "The danger was that from the natural impulses of the popular will and

* Under last apportionment.

desire of ambitious candidates to attain office, the number would be soon swollen to an unreasonable size, so that it would generate factions, obstruct deliberation, introduce and perpetuate turbulent and rash counsels."

There are those who believe that we are already perilously near the edge of this condition. Now it is easily seen that it would be no infraction of the Constitution to make the ratio so large that no state could elect more than one representative. In that event the House would not consist of forty-four members. It would, on the other hand, be equally free from constitutional objection to make the ratio thirty thousand. This would give us a House of over two thousand members. Between these extremes the pendulum of Congressional power swings.

Nothing can be more certain than the growing tendency to increase the membership of the House. The temptation to keep intact the delegations of the states whose population is stable is hard to resist. It will be no easier in the future than now. The virtue of an average member of Congress will be found not quite equal to the task of resisting the solicitations of state pride to maintain the numerical integrity of his delegation. If he is a man of heroic mould and can rise above such considerations, he may still encounter a condition quite too much for him in the fact that his own seat is in peril. Situations which invite such conflicts in the arena of legislation between private interest and public duty ought to be avoided whenever possible. Into such temptations the Constitution ought not to lead us, and from the evil of yielding to them it ought to deliver us.

But there is another point of view from which the proposed amendment invites considerate attention. It would remove from Congress a fruitful source of sectional bitterness and party strife. In the first apportionment after the adoption of the Constitution, there was an unseemingly wrangle between the North and the South for the "ratio" favoring one or the other section. The House passed a bill favorable to the South; the Senate amended it so as to favor the North. The contention waxed so hot, that not only Congress but the Cabinet was divided, strictly on sectional lines, and each section predicted a dissolution of the Union if a "ratio" favoring it was not adopted. Washington avoided taking sides by vetoing the bill upon constitutional grounds. This

vexatious question thus enjoyed the honor of supplying the occasion for the first veto in the history of the government. In each succeeding apportionment the struggle for sectional or party advantage from the manipulation of "ratios" and the treatment of fractions was renewed with greater or less intensity, and sometimes with extreme virulence. Every decennial census has been followed by a battle of "ratios" in which passion and politics have carried the standards of section and faction in a wanton war for sectional conquest or party slaughter. The details of these controversies must be omitted. They are familiar to every student of our legislative history. They emphasize in the most graphic manner the importance of eliminating from our government every unnecessary source of sectional enmity and partisan strife.

Another consideration not to be overlooked is the cost of maintaining a numerous House of Representatives. No amount of growth and prosperity ought to make us indifferent to the claims of economy in the administration of government. No man who thinks well of his country and desires to minimize the burdens of the people will sanction a waste of public money upon officials who are not only needless, but who actually embarrass the legislation of the country. The increase of twenty-four members by the recent apportionment bill carries an addition to the annual appropriation for the House of at least one hundred and thirty thousand dollars. In ten years it swells to one million three hundred thousand dollars, and so on down the years, gathering in volume as the House swells in number. In this connection I may add that three hundred and fifty-six members can comfortably be accommodated in the hall of the House without any radical or expensive alterations in its architectural structure, while any number in excess of that would require extensive modifications of the interior construction of the building, destroying its architectural unity, impairing its symmetry and beauty, and causing great inconvenience and expense in the remodelling.

The amendment proposed is not "blazing" a new way, but following a distinct trend of sentiment which has left its impress upon every state constitution adopted in recent years. Few, if any, leave the number of either branch of their legislatures under legislative control except to an extremely limited extent. The loom of Time has woven some

new figures in the web of our great experiment of self-government. The people, with great uniformity of view, have exercised their sovereignty in preventing, by constitutional restriction, the undue growth of their legislative bodies. They have learned the tendency of popular bodies to increase, and have counteracted its influence.

In considering what number of members is most likely to be the "magic" one that will secure the most of the best and the least of the worst results, it is necessary to have in mind the ends to be attained by any regulation on the subject, constitutional or legislative. It is easy to deduce, from the discussions in the federal convention and from Madison's "summary," the objects the "framers" set before them in considering the number of which the House should consist. Stated generally, they are:—

1. A body large enough to be a safe custodian of the interests with which it is charged, and to secure the benefits of free consultation and discussion, as well as immunity from too easy combinations for improper purposes.

2. A body small enough to avoid the confusion and feebleness resulting from the turbulence of numbers.

3. Congressional districts as large as is compatible with the representative's knowledge of the local circumstances of his constituents, and his means of keeping up the necessary touch with them in sentiment and sympathy.

In determining the size of a legislative body, with a view of effectually securing these ends, it is quite obvious that too much arithmetic will be likely to vitiate the result. In a problem of this kind twice 3 is not always 6, but may be 4. The law of "diminishing returns" is plainly operative here. The "framers" evidently considered the principle that requires representation to increase with population, without due attention to its limitations.

A body of three hundred and fifty-six members is no doubt a safer custodian of the public interests than one of forty-four, but no one believes that a body of two thousand would be proportionably safer. There is a number within whose charmed circle is to be found the maximum effectiveness, and inefficiency must increase in varying ratios as we depart either way from that number. What that number is in a given case, is the "pinch." Here "many men have many minds." It is instructive to note the kaleidoscopic

views our people entertain on the subject of representative ratios. The states are widely variant in the number of their legislative bodies; so much so that it makes us almost despair of ever being able to arrive at a conclusion which will unite in its support both reason and experience.

A look at the subject reveals the most incongruous results, whether we compare the legislative assemblies directly or consider their respective ratios of representation. For example: Connecticut, with an area of four thousand one hundred and fifty square miles and a population of seven hundred and forty-six thousand two hundred and fifty-eight, has two hundred and forty-nine representatives, a ratio of less than three thousand; while California, with more than thirty-two times the area and nearly double the population, has but one third the representatives and a ratio of fifteen thousand one hundred and two. New Hampshire, with an area of nine thousand two hundred and ninety-one square miles and a population of three hundred and seventy-six thousand five hundred and thirty, has three hundred and twenty-one representatives, a ratio of one thousand one hundred and seventy-three; while New York, with an area about five times as great and about sixteen times the population, has a little over one third as many representatives and a ratio more than forty times as large. Between other states, almost as great disparity prevails. The smallest ratio is one thousand one hundred and forty-four, in Nevada, and the largest, forty-six thousand eight hundred and fifty-eight, in New York. A similar variety of ratios prevails in the senatorial representation of the states.

It is apparent that we can derive little aid from the experience of the states in the solution of our problem. Turning again to the history of the federal legislature for a hundred years and a few general principles uniformly accepted by our people, we find abundant data to sustain the belief that a House of three hundred and fifty-six members will be as safe a depository of the powers vested in it when our population is one hundred millions as it is now. A representative stands to his district in a twofold relation. First, as to territory; second, as to population. As to the former relation, it is quite obvious that the numerical stability of the House cannot increase the larger Congressional districts.

The existing districts vary widely in extent. The tenth district of Pennsylvania consists of a single county, having an area of about one thousand square miles. The eleventh district of Texas is one hundred and twenty times as large, consisting of ninety-seven counties, with an area of one hundred and twenty thousand square miles. The large districts, it is easily seen, would diminish in territorial extent as population increases, while the smaller districts in which population is more stable would be increased in extent with lapse of time.

In his relation to the people of his district, the qualifications of a representative are more exacting. A general knowledge of his constituents, their principles and their employments and the laws under which they live, is quite essential. But any man who applies his intelligence to the subject can clearly see that with the largest ratio possible for a hundred years under the proposed limitation, any man likely to be elected to Congress would easily meet all the conditions imposed either by the extent of his district or the number of his constituents. Mere numbers within a given area are not a matter of great consequence where there is a similarity of interest and employment. Diversity in the industries of the district is of much greater moment, but the natural limitation upon this will keep the business interests of the district within easy range of the representative's knowledge. Moreover, with modern facilities for communication and transit, a member can be as well acquainted with the sentiments, sympathies, and interests of three hundred thousand people as he could have been with those of thirty thousand scattered over the same area, a hundred years ago, when Mr. Madison declared "that if the largest state in the Union be divided into ten or twelve districts, the representatives would possess an adequate knowledge of every local interest."

A due attention to the reasons which lie nearest the nerve of the problem can hardly fail to produce a conviction that as far as the qualifications of the members to render effective service is concerned, the number will adequately respond to any demand that will be made upon them for a hundred years.

But the body must be large enough to secure the benefits of consultation, as well as immunity from too easy combina-

tions for improper purposes. I hazard the statement that no man who witnessed the House of Representatives in action, during some of the stormy scenes of the first session of the Fifty-first Congress, will contend for a greater number to promote these important ends. The deliberative character of the House is already impaired by its size. Its dignity is frequently lost by conduct which would only be tolerated in a crowd. The behavior of members, the quality of debate, the attenuated wit and rude retort, which occasionally make the judicious grieve, could not occur without the encouragement of numbers.

The enfeeblement born of confusion and turbulence is of all things to be avoided. Here we are already trembling on the edge of danger. The House is becoming unwieldy. A condition closely approaching chaos is possible to it now, in seasons of excitement. Much of the time the level of disorder is high enough to make it difficult for one half the members to tell what the other half is doing. It has been on rare occasions a very "Cave of *Æolus*" with every wind let loose; deliberation impossible; profitable discussion out of the question; legislative business at a stand-still, waiting for the storm to blow over. In these seasons of tumult, the wisest head, the firmest hand, and the stoutest heart available in our time, have been unequal to the task of maintaining the conditions necessary to the transaction of business.

Any comprehensive survey of the evils of an unduly numerous House must include the obvious source of weakness arising from the diminished responsibility of members, as well as from the large number of inferior men likely to enter into its composition. An undue proportion of members of limited information and weak capacities makes it easy for the few able and astute ones to direct and control legislation. Madison addressed himself to this view with great force and clearness. These are his words:—

"The more multitudinous a representative assembly is, the more it will partake of the infirmities incident to collective meetings of the people. Ignorance will be the dupe of cunning, and passion the slave of sophistry and declamation. The people can never err more than in supposing that by multiplying their representatives beyond a certain limit they strengthen the barrier against a government of a few. Experience will forever admonish them that, on the contrary,

after securing a sufficient number for the purposes of safety of local information and of diffusive sympathy with the whole society, they will counteract their own views by every addition to their representatives."

Those who favor a larger House, sometimes refer us to some European legislatures as examples of ideal legislative bodies, notably the House of Commons. This is not a happy reference. Passing over the total dissimilarity of the American House of Representatives and the English House of Commons, and the fact that one does all the legislation for England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, and, in a general way, for the whole British Empire, while the other has for its limited sphere the remnant which remains after forty-four state assemblies have supplied every local and state need, it is worthy of note that English statesmen do not conceal their belief that the House of Commons is too large for effective work, and no one conversant with the history of that body will fail to unite in that belief. That it is able to transact business with any degree of despatch under ordinary circumstances is due in a great degree to the non-attendance of members. But lest the English example may be again quoted, I want to say very distinctly that if anything could bring greater reproach upon America than the scenes which occasionally occur in Congress, it would be what would be likely to occur after we had formed it on the model of the House of Commons. It has on its rolls six hundred and seventy members, forty constituting a quorum to do business. It rarely happens that more than two thirds of the members are present at a time; and when they are, all but three hundred must stand round like "bound boys," as that number exhausts the sitting space on the floor. No member can reserve a seat. The rules of the barber shop prevail. The "next!" takes the seat, until they are all occupied, and the hindmost stand or retire. If a member without a seat addresses the House, he holds his hat in his hand or puts it on the floor. If he has papers or books to which he desires to refer, he holds them in his arms or puts them in his pockets or on the floor. Gladstone objects to enlarging the hall because he says, "It is big enough."

Under English parliamentary procedure, members cannot initiate legislation without the sanction of the government. The bills they introduce are apt to pass over a parliamentary

"bridge of sighs" into "dim dungeons of death," unless the treasury bench rescues them.

Such conditions, it must be confessed, are well calculated to discourage attendance. Members who receive no salary, and have other business, easily yield to the solicitations of interest or pleasure, and remain away. When lured by the expectation of a "scene," or brought in by the "whips" when the "division bell" cannot reach them, they swell the crowd; but they bring little of the element of deliberation, and less acquaintance with the bearings of the legislation in hand; but much subserviency to the leaders, many elements of the mob, and ready passions to be played on by the fiery orators who marshal the contending hosts; and the result is precisely what could be foreseen; excited members shake their fists in the Speaker's face; disorderly calls produce an uproar which an Englishman likened to a "cataract in a thunder-storm"; members, usually grave, shouting with boyish abandonment, or in a frenzy of desperation struggling to lift their voices above the tumult of noises, comparable to those of a "Zoo," just before feeding time; the eloquence of honorable members seeming like a "real representation of the Morse telegraph alphabet," the alternate dot representing the utterances of one side, and the alternate dash, the groans of the opposition; and the whole tumultuous assembly resembling "bedlam" more than a deliberative body of Christian statesmen. In depicting these occasional features of the House of Commons to illustrate the evils of undue numbers, I have only borrowed, in the main, the delineations of Englishmen who saw what they describe.

Now, is this the parliamentary feast to which American legislators are invited? Certainly an example so worthy to be shunned will no longer be held up for our imitation. The consequences of an unwieldy and over-numerous House of sturdy Britons ought to admonish us to avoid similar dangers, and make us sensible of the necessity of keeping the House of Representatives within the numerical limit of an effectively working body. To amend the Constitution to compass this wise and salutary end, after a hundred years, will be a reform which

"Is not the hasty product of a day,
But the well-ripened fruit of wise delay."

ECONOMIC AND SOCIAL INFLUENCES OF THE BICYCLE.

BY SYLVESTER BAXTER.

IT is evident that no new instrumentality can be adopted by man without exerting an influence, more or less marked, upon his habits and institutions. The extraordinary changes in the structure of society, the transformations effected in social and political directions, and in modes of thought that have taken place in the past few centuries, and the greatly accelerated occurrence of these changes in the past half-century, are chiefly traceable to the acquisition of new scientific and mechanical instrumentalities, and to the enormous increase in their number within the same period. It is always interesting and instructive to observe the development of a new instrumentality, and to note its effects so far as we may trace them. The particular instrumentality here under consideration has a peculiar interest from the fact that, although commonly regarded as a matter of minor moment from its service chiefly as a pastime, very notable results have been effected thereby within the few years since an old and well-known mechanical principle was made the basis of a new system of human locomotion, multiplying the reach of man's footsteps as the power-loom has multiplied the productivity of man's hands.

One of the most immediate economic effects of the bicycle is, of course, the building up of an important new industry. There are in the United States twenty-seven different establishments devoted to the manufacture of the bicycle. Some of these have reached enormous proportions; new avenues of employment have thereby been opened, and new markets have been created for raw and manufactured materials, both of domestic and foreign production: steel, nickel and other metal work, and large quantities of leather and rubber. The effect on other industries has therefore been great. That of steel wire, used in manufacturing the spokes, may be specified, and the latest instance is the establishment of

works in this country for weldless steel tubing, of which enormous quantities are required; the convenience of having a supply near at hand, free from the uncertainties attending importation, having induced leading manufacturers to give the encouragement needed for the new industry, irrespective of the question of import duties. Another direct effect, which likewise attends every mechanical advance, is the encouragement to invention.

Most important, however, is the promotion of scientific road construction that has resulted from the development of a new type of vehicle. The bicycle has, therefore, proven the most important factor in the encouragement of good highway construction since the advent of the railway. The immediate effect of the latter in this country was to cause a neglect of common highways, although it ought to have been the reverse, since wagon roads are the natural feeders of the railways, and the better they are, the greater the business given to the latter. This has been clearly perceived in Europe, but in the fact that the development of the railway system here has been coincident with the development of the country itself is to be found the explanation of why the attention given to the railways should so long have obscured the importance of the highways in the mind of the American people. We are at last beginning to awaken to the value of the wagon roads. If the vast sums that have been wasted in unnecessary railway construction in the past twenty years could only have been spent in improving and developing our wagon roads, the value of our railway system would have been inestimably enhanced by the encouragement of production, which the ease and cheapness of transportation over good roads invariably give. Good roads mean an enormous saving in the wear and tear of vehicles and animals, as well as the transportation of a greatly increased amount of material for a given amount of energy and in much quicker time. And this means a saving to both producer and consumer.

The movement for good roads is now widespread throughout the country. The interest of important bodies has been enlisted, agitation for legislation to that end is active in many states, and potent arguments are brought to bear upon local authorities. In the forwarding of this work the bicycle has been the main instrument. For the convenient and enjoy-

able use of the bicycle good roads are essential. Early in the days of bicycling in this country the League of American Wheelmen was formed,—a strongly organized body, with its local divisions existing throughout the country, and now numbering twenty-five thousand members. Not only has it exerted a powerful influence in advancing the more immediate interests of bicycling, and in securing to wheelmen the rights upon the highways that would have been denied them except for concerted effort, but the movement for good roads has found its strongest support in the active exertions and intelligent representations made by the members of this body wherever the question has come up.

The unconscious influence of wheelmen is hardly less important. Their number is enormous now, and wherever they are to be found, their voice in local affairs is strongly given in favor of good roads. Around our great cities, the bicycle has been a leading factor in the building up of attractive suburbs. Wherever there are good roads, there the wheelman will prefer to establish his home, and in New Jersey this consideration has been largely effective in giving to the Oranges a goodly proportion of their population. Wheelmen also give effective support to the establishment of public parks, for there, of all places, are the very best roads to be found. In such swarms do they frequent the Boston parks that, in planning the great meeting place for promenaders, carriages, and riders in Franklin Park,—a magnificent avenue, called "the Greeting," straight, and with parallel and contiguous drives, rides, and walks half a mile in length,—it has been deemed essential to lay out a separate way for bicycles.

Wherever good roads are created, there bicycling at once springs up, and wheelmen soon form by far the greater proportion of those who utilize them. The writer recalls one important Western city where, on his first visit, the streets were in a wretched condition, and there were, probably, not half a dozen wheelmen in the place. On a subsequent visit he found the streets beautifully paved with asphalt, and bicycles gliding swiftly around by the hundred, far outnumbering any other forms of vehicles. The influence in favor of good roads thus brought to bear in various ways by bicycle interests is very great, and it has already made itself most gratifyingly felt in many parts of the country.

Far-reaching results may confidently be expected in a future by no means remote. The bicycle, with its light and graceful metallic construction, its remarkable strength in proportion to its weight, its noiseless rubber tires, both its friction and the wear and tear to the highway reduced to a minimum, contains the elements of a new type of vehicle that will come into universal use with the supplanting of animal traction by mechanical traction, which must come with the development of electricity. Horses and other draught animals will eventually disappear entirely from the highways, just as they are now rapidly vanishing from the street railways. Perfectly smooth pavements will follow; first in the cities and, ultimately, on the roads everywhere, constructed upon the most perfect scientific principles, as railways now are. Freed from the destructive impact of horses' hoofs, the item of maintaining the roads will be reduced to a minimum. Street railways themselves will, perhaps, be made superfluous; for with such smooth pavements, mechanical traction will be practically as easy without any rails whatever. Railways will, therefore, be used only for swift transit and freight transportation, and will have their own exclusive rights of way, probably both overhead and under ground. The "conductivity" of the streets, so to speak, will thus be enormously increased by the ease of motion gained from the universally smooth surfaces, together with the removal of the tramways and their obstruction to travel. Costly widenings, in cities where the streets are now too narrow, will therefore become needless. Multitudes of light vehicles, of various sizes, impelled by electricity, will speed noiselessly in every direction, and bicycles will be numbered by the thousand, their utility for transportation, as well as their value for pleasure and exercise, immensely enhanced.

The effect upon the development of cities will be nothing less than revolutionary. Not only will the advance of public convenience be invaluable, but the comfort and the health of the people will be promoted to a corresponding degree. All but an insignificant percentage of the exasperating noise and confusion of city life proceeds from the harsh rattle and clatter of vehicles in the streets. This will be entirely abated, and the main source of the nervousness that so universally afflicts city dwellers, will disappear. To this benefit to health will be added another no less important.

Any observer can see that the filth incessantly deposited in the city streets is almost wholly due to animals. With the disappearance of this, a vast amount of disease produced by the microbes thus continually sent broadcast into the air, will be prevented. The cost of street-cleaning, as well as repair, will thereby be reduced to a very low figure.

The effect of perfect highways, universally prevailing throughout the rural districts, as well as in the cities, will be inestimable in its promotion of the agreeableness and the cheapness of living, through the ease of transportation which will be brought about in this way.

The military employment of the bicycle is another direction in which it promises to have considerable value. In the promotion of excursions at home and abroad, both individually and in large companies, the bicycle has been of marked service. A considerable business has been built up by one house in arranging for foreign excursions for bicyclers, on the systematic plan of the Cook and Raymond parties. A cheap and delightful method of making a tour of Europe is thus provided, the very considerable item of railway transportation being almost wholly eliminated. For several years past a prominent bicycling clergyman has been very successful in organizing a series of vacation tours for his brethren of the cloth through various interesting portions of our own country.

In its benefit to physical and moral health the bicycle has rendered great service. The fact that its use in this country began with gentlemen has set a standard which has been maintained. Although it has created a new branch of athletics, in which marvellous feats of skill have been developed and man has been enabled to vie with the trotting horse as a racing animal, the wheelman's sport, like yachting, has never been tainted with associations of low repute, and it has remained clean and honorable.

The example set by men in its use has been followed by boys in their emulative aspirations. Like swimming and skating, bicycling has become a universal youthful accomplishment; in many communities not to be proficient with the wheel is a rare exception for boys, and it bids fair to be for girls also. It is not uncommon to see schoolhouse yards stacked with the machines, on which the boys go to and from school, and enjoy daily two or three hours, at least, of

healthy exercise. The educational influence is very great, both upon physical and mental development. It quickens the perceptive faculties of young people and makes them more alert. They see more of the world, and are broadened by the contact. While, otherwise, they would seldom go beyond strolling distance from their homes, on the bicycle they are constantly roaming throughout many surrounding towns, beholding fresh and varied scenes, becoming familiar with whole counties, and, in vacation time, not infrequently exploring several states. Such experiences produce growth in energy, self-reliance, and independence in character, and make a more complete individuality.

The moral effect is no less marked. The clean, outdoor life, amid the tonic influences of fresh air, sunshine, and the pleasant sights of nature, remove thousands of young men from the danger of debasing associations. Temperance is also promoted; no wheelman can safely use intoxicants, for a cool, clear head and steady nerves are absolutely essential.

The beneficent influence upon women might form the subject of an essay by itself. The bicycle has given, as nothing else has, the means for a healthful exercise combined with delightful recreation, so much needed by the sex. It has gone far towards emancipating them from slavish conventionality in both dress and conduct. It has taught them the advantage of sensible and healthful attire, an advantage which, once enjoyed, they are naturally reluctant to deprive themselves of in ordinary life. It has given them an independence in action approaching that possessed by their brothers. In the parks of a great city, for instance, young ladies may daily be seen by the score, singly, or in groups, speeding freely everywhere upon their bicycles, with the same sense of security, and appearing as much at home as they would be were they walking in the seclusion of their household gardens. It has also imparted a renewed strength to the natural associations between the two sexes, so healthfully characteristic of American life; the informality of intercourse going far to break down the barriers which, by concealment and the consequent morbid curiosity that it arouses, form a leading cause of immorality.

For these reasons we may look for a notable increase in the physical and moral health of our race, together with more rational and enjoyable conditions of existence.

THE CHURCH AND THE WORLD.

BY P. CAMERON, B. C. L.

THERE has always been imported into, and now exists in, the religions of the earth a dominating influence of esotericism.

Going as far back as ancient Egypt, we find there a priestly caste, forming the highest aristocracy, having vast landed possessions, and able to control their country's sovereigns. Their ecclesiastical laws, like those of Pharaoh's royal line, were set up in the temples, — the chief of all the priesthood holding a position which was hereditary. Rome, with her sacrificers, augurs, and aruspices, officials at the shrines of gods and goddesses innumerable, imposed on the Roman earth a religion conservative and exclusive; kingship was necessary for a participation in the sacred rites — religious services which no stranger could attend; and even Greece, with all her philosophical tendencies, placed a wall of separation between her cult of devotion and the people at large. We speak of true religions, false religions, of a man being religious or irreligious, and occasionally we hear of some one "having got religion." However, for our enlightenment, St. James characterizes pure religion, and undefiled before God, as consisting simply in acts of charity done to the helpless in their sorrow, and in personal purity.

There are many ancient works on religion, most, if not all, Eastern in origin, as all religions came from that quarter, Christ himself being an Asiatic, a born Jew, whose lineage is traced by St. Matthew from Abraham downwards, and who in infancy was presented with sacrificial rites to God in a Jewish temple. Some of these religious works claim antiquity prior to what is known to us as the Old Testament, but we shall confine ourselves mainly to the outcome of the Old and New Testaments.

St. James, defining true religion, got his inspiration through a knowledge of the very actions of the God of Israel as he read in Exodus, chap. iii. vs. 7 and 8, that God, seeing the

afflictions of Israel while in Egypt, hearing their cry, and knowing their sorrows, had come down to help them and deliver them; shortly afterwards giving to them a system of religion, expanded into laws which flowed into all the system of their social and political existence, and which, while demanding the obedience of the individual, still more gravitated into the nationality of the race. Every aspect of Hebrew life felt its power; to them it was a cloud by day, and a pillar of fire by night.

Gratitude for their deliverances and admiration of the Divine law came with the one breath. There was no affair of national life too great for the touch of Hebraic religion and law, and no concern of individual daily life so slight as to escape its mellowing influence; it bound them together as one homogeneous mass, and each unit carried into the family and its circle the religious effects of its teaching and commands; everything that we call secular was infused with religion.

If, as was said, religion is the chief factor of a nation, it is equally true that the most correct portrait of a people is discoverable by a study of their laws. We find the Hebrew law eminently religious, and the Hebrew religion eminently national, and no one can be surprised at finding their poetry eulogistic of their laws, and the earliest Psalm of the Sweet Singer of Israel, picturing the good man as delighting in the law of the Lord, and meditating on it day and night.

We may be glad to live under protecting laws, but no poet of our day is given to raptures about either constitutional, statute, or municipal laws; and, unfortunately, our convictions as to their imperfection are shown by the changes we ring on them, and legal history shows the enormous sums spent in endeavoring to get at their exact meaning.

Striking out an entirely new course, the Hebraic law stamped crime as a sin, but it did not stop there; it gave an ideal of righteousness going beyond self. The Roman Code had no lovable feature. The Judaic constantly demanded care for the poor and the unfortunate. The golden thread of God's love and pity for the Egyptian bondsman ran through every coil that wound itself around the slave, the captive, and the widow,—a coil of love and care. As a people, their social distinctions were not prominent; their future King was not thought less of because taken from the

care of flocks and herds; the very national soil had a religious value (Ruth, chap. iv. vs. 1 to 12), and their land laws rested on a religious basis.

No land could be alienated forever by any one (Lev. xxv. vs. 23 *et seq.*), and in the year of jubilee an alienated property came back to the original owners, except houses in walled towns, which, if not redeemed in a year, became the vendee's forever. Another and last exception was land dedicated to God.

As a general rule, all landed property was only alienated for years, and the original owner or those representing him could redeem his lands at any time; bondsmen in servitude to Hebrews or resident foreigners were free in the jubilee year; and at the end of each seven years, a general national release by all creditors to all debtors took place by force of law. (See Deut. chap. xv. vs. 1 *et seq.*)

The poor were characterized as brothers: "Thou shalt open thy hand wide unto thy brother,—to thy poor and to thy needy in thy land." "Love ye therefore the stranger: for ye were strangers in the land of Egypt." (Deut. chap. x. vs. 19.) Even if a stranger or sojourner became poor, he was not to be the victim of usury, because God was the Lord who had brought the Israelites out of Egypt. (Lev. xxv. vs. 35 and 36.) Pause to contrast this with the alien law of Athens, under which all strangers or foreigners could be banished or sold into slavery; and the fact that, in the days of Pericles, five thousand people, not of pure Athenian blood, and who were on the public registers, were banished or sold into slavery.

Loans were to be made to the needy (Deut. chap. xv. vs. 7 and 8), and the evils of bondage are mitigated by the provisions of Deut. chap. xv. vs. 12 to 18. It is true that polygamy and slavery held their ground, but Hebraic law tried to mitigate the evils of both. The slave was as a brother in the Hebrew family, took his part in the religious rites, and was protected by the laws,—a violent contrast to the condition of the poor Roman slave, scourged and crucified at caprice, looked on as a mere thing, and liable, if useless to his master through old age or accident, to be thrown alive into the eel ponds.

Some of the Mosaic penalties appear severe; but when placed side by side with English legislation, down even to

the reign of George the Third, they lose the aspect of severity. Many in England expiated the crimes of forgery and larceny by death, and in any case the torture and prolongation of misery, a too common attendant on Anglo-Saxon laws, were conspicuously absent from the Hebraic code.

We entirely dissent from the view that places what we call Christian revelation as the only revelation God ever gave to man or Christianity, itself as an exotic brought into a strange region to overlap the course of nature with a foreign external application, but prefer to regard both as the "*summum opus*" of a long development, whose spiritual aspirations had been silently working on the web of human affairs from the first dawn of life; and if an inquirer needs proof, he can easily get it in the religious books of India and China, in the philosophy of the Greeks, and the history of such men as Marcus Aurelius, and others of whom the world at that time was not worthy. The Christian Church is too often held up to men as having no object before it save public worship and teaching, with a few corollaries of beneficent action, — the walls around her separating her from the outside world; inside, an exclusive society, of public prayer and teaching, — the main object, to prepare men for another world. Adown the centuries has come the fixed habit of looking upwards with admiration, and downwards with contempt; at man as incurably vile; a world incurably corrupt, while as a stern fact, the image of God has never been wholly obliterated from man. Marred, it has been, but never effaced; the grim asceticism of early days has nearly vanished, but some features of it are still with us. Christ demolished the theory of it in His parable of the man falling among thieves, but too long has lingered in the Christian fold an imitation of the priest and Levite crossing to the other side lest their sensibilities be shocked at the sight of the wounded stranger.

We in our days rear costly temples for worship, which we divide off into luxurious pews; and as St. James says, the man with the gold ring and goodly apparel gets the best place, while the poor and the outcasts at home are too often forgotten and passed by in the enthusiasm of missionary crusades, with all their costly officialism. We close rigidly our churches in all week-days. Six days we rigorously devote to the pursuit of mammon, and one day is set apart so that matters may be squared with another world, or, as some one

said, modern Christianity is six-sevenths secular and one-seventh religious.

We are mistaken if the cloud, no larger now than a man's hand, is not looming on the horizon, which will show the world that "*filling churches*" is not the sole and only Christlike work before us, but that the earth is crying out for a practical application of Christ's golden rule of charity in thought and love in action, and that men are beginning to see that each son of Adam, from before the Noachian deluge, all down the whole course of time to this our century, has been and is, wittingly or not wittingly, a participator in the effects of God's scheme of redemption which was crowned on Calvary.

Protestant theology, with its exaggeration of the truth of its doctrine of justification by faith alone, has much to answer for, in the exclusiveness of the Christian Church; the relation of the individual soul to God is too rigidly insisted on, while Christ constantly spoke of His gospel as what should permeate all — the leaven to leaven the whole mass of mankind, and not a section of it.

It was the custom of old, in leading an ox to be sacrificed to Jupiter, to chalk out its dark spots, and give the offering a false show of unblemished whiteness. Is there not much chalking nowadays? If charity should begin at home, what of the desolation and blighted lives in alleys and rookeries beneath the very shadow of our churches?

Not one of a hundred ever deliberately chooses his own religion; it is the product of his early environments, and too often the conception of Deity is the outcome of a man's idiosyncrasies or those of his parents. The Hebrew Scriptures promised a prolonged life to the good Israelite, but are silent, or nearly so, as to a future life or a resurrection from the dead.

Every virtue exhibited in life ought to be regarded as an offspring of Christianity, as well as all that is comely and of good report, or the Christian ideal ceases to be supreme, and, so ceasing, must cease to be Divine in origin. Christian opinions hold a coloring of Greek philosophy with the notions and fictions of Roman law.

Christianity takes its rise from Judaism, and in its flow has assimilated all that was purely good of Greek and Roman philosophy, but placing Divine love as the *fons et origo* of all that love which rescued Israel from Egypt.

Christ spent His life in acts of kindness. We hear very little from Him about doctrines, and nothing about church organizations, and He proclaimed His salvation, not individualistically, but as of the whole world. It was the expansion of the Jewish theocracy and, to St. Paul's mind, the effacing of all lines between Jew and Gentile, bond and free. Clearly did Christ endeavor to raise the new Kingdom of God from a Judaic sect to universality. He offered again and again to take the Hebrew race under His wings, but they would not; and after this rejection, all was over for them. When He speaks of His Kingdom, He means, not alone a spiritual one of prayer and praise, but one that should dominate the earth and the earth's problems, then and for all ages to come,—secular and not secular.

He told us, in the prayer He outlined for man to pray, that His will might be done on the earth as it was done in heaven; and if we are earnest in wishing the advent of His Kingdom, we must do for the poor and suffering as He did, and expand our minds for the reception of the spirit of Christ into all the every-day affairs of life, whether of each man or each nation.

The primitive Church did not arise mainly from a desire to praise and worship together, but it was a practical union of men having all things in common; who had sold their possessions to throw all into one common fund, out of which each got his required dole; but when they emerged from this to the stormy regions of doctrinal theories, heresies (the Greek *aireses* meaning divisions or sects), grew up among them, of which we are the unfortunate legatees.

The Western fathers, Tertullian and Jerome, denounced all morality except what Christians exhibited; while the Eastern fathers, Origen and Clement, with a wider charity, saw good wherever it took root.

The Church too often holds up Christ as a world-Redeemer in a very attenuated way. He is pictured as a redeemer from His own jealous wrath, and from a world that He made in order to destroy it; a redeemer of the individual much more than a redeemer of society; a deliverer from a hell rather than from sin and its effects. The Church, hugging these half-truths, has never to this day frankly identified herself, as Israel did, with the daily and yearly

life of the community at large. When we rise above the din of ecclesiastical machinery, carving, splitting, and shaping theoretical dogmas, and examine the Church of the Hebraic dispensation and the life and actions of Christ, we find both eminently socialistic, in the good sense of the word, and each more intent on the life that *now* is than on that which is to come.

The clouds are clearing, and here and there we see Church efforts to raise man from the mire and the dirt of poverty and crime.

One great source of the early error perpetuated in her life, of placing too much regard on the Church *above*, lay in the bitter persecutions the primitive Church went through. Torture and ignominious death threatening the early Christian, what wonder all his thoughts and aspirations went heavenward! Like the Martyr Stephen, he saw heaven opened.

St. Augustine, in his famous "De Civitate Dei," isolates the Church from the world, and looks forward with a pious resignation to a future fire of purification, where all shall be reduced to ashes, out of which shall arise the new Church of God.

Constantine's efforts to make the Church universal and consolidative were rejected. Clericalism of the day insisted on its being a separate body. Canonical law and clerical administrators of it, as specialists, must be; and a sacerdotal and hierarchical principle must be established; while all that was really spiritual inside church walls, instead of being allowed to filtrate through the great arteries of the world, was doomed to work alone and apart from it, on a class given to ascetic ideas, and too much disposed to call themselves "the salt of the earth." The sword of the Church separated from herself all the strata of the world's political, legal, and social life, and we are bleeding to this day from the wound. It dragged from daily life the consciousness and dignity of holiness; nay, it taught men to despise their very existence on this earth. Christ welded the Church into the body of the State; Savonarola and Jeremiah and John the Baptist tried to do likewise; and so did the Puritans, when they left the "Mayflower." All these reformers endeavored to place social and political situations on religious bases, but it resulted in failure. Through the

exaggerated importance given to public worship, forms, and doctrines, they forgot, as was well said, "that the ministry of public worship exists for the sake of human duties, that these may be fulfilled in the spirit of Christ, and not *these* duties for the sake of public worship."

Baron and Bishop sat side by side in the Witenagemote of old England; but Tyndale, in 1526, complains that the lay life of commerce and government had been neglected, and esteemed vile and unclean, and he identifies the lay element and the law of the realm with the law of God. "See," he says, "how the clergy separate and divide themselves. If the layman be of the world *so* he is not of God." Clerical power in no age has been a friend to liberty of conscience.

For eighteen hundred years and more, the Church has had the field to herself, yet the cry of the poor and degraded myriads of the nineteenth century calls for a more practical help than she has ever given, and the whole stream of modern philanthropy is directed thither. So long as the Church adopts tests, and builds up mere forms of scaffolding on doctrinal bases, and adopts ecclesiastical trials for so-called heresies, she never can be the abode of universal love; and she has in the past lost much of her touch with humanity at large by burying in a tomb the purely charitable teachings of her founder, and engaging her energies in innumerable disputations about a future world, about which He was very reticent, and standing out, as she long has stood, as the producer of individual rather than of common good.

The heart of all theology that is Christlike ought to beat stroke for stroke with the great heart of Christ, and in strict unison with His character and actions; and the Church of the future will doubtless recognize as Divine all science that is true, because God is all Truth; will look on art as a special gift from above, education as a continuity of what Christ inaugurated by teaching, and acknowledge that all organizations for worship are distinctly and demonstrably a formation of mere man, while the family and the state are institutions of nature and of nature's God; that the worshipping body is not the Church, but only one circle within the Church, and toleration will no longer be describable as "allowing you to believe as I do," nor intolerance as "wishing me to believe as you do." "By this ye shall know that ye are my disciples because ye have love one towards another."

ASTROLOGY FIN DE SIECLE. NO. 1.

BY EDGAR LEE.

IT will surprise a large majority of readers of this magazine to be told that astrology, as a science, is not only holding its own in England to-day, but has, during the past ten years, made such strides that it is felt by many that the "Rogues and Vagabonds" act, which prevents the casting of horoscopes for gain, will, by this next parliament, stand a chance of being repealed.

There is no occasion here to argue out the truth of this most ancient science. That, in the earth's earlier stages, man deduced his religion from his celestial surroundings and, observing the stars in their courses, worked out a scheme which has come down almost intact to us through sixty centuries, is well established. And I would merely pause for a moment here to point out that those who raise a strong claim for the Bible's divinity on the ground of its survival through aeons of persecution, should at least admit that the persecution of astrology has been no whit less fierce, and that, therefore, there must be some germ of truth in a science which still rears its head in defiance of martyrdom.

At least four thousand years ago, the casting of nativities was a recognized occupation. The soothsayers and astrologers were a power in the court of Pharaoh, and, ten centuries later, we find them still holding their own in the palace of Nebuchadnezzar. There are the strongest internal evidences in the building of the great pyramid that the astronomers of Egypt held some very decided and correct views of the starry spheres, for Piazzi Smith and others have proved that the great pyramid was mainly intended to show the teachings of astrology, and that the whole building is a key to the future history of the planet astrologically worked out.

It is generally assumed by those who have never even touched the outside fringe of astrological teaching that the lore is as dead as Queen Anne, and that the muddle-headed visionaries who practice it now, are only one remove from the

gipsy tramp who professes to predict the fortunes of servant girls and extorts money from them by promising them a happy matrimonial issue from their present toil. This is the effect of long years of tradition and repressive legislation. In reality it is the upper ten of England, and the better class generally, who are to-day the chief supporters of astrology; and although, if questioned on the point, nearly all would deny the impeachment, I am in a position to vouch for it. In 1883 a periodical called *St. Stephens Review* came into existence. It was a sixpenny high-class, society and political paper, supporting Democratic Tory principles, and, although supposed by many to be subsidized by the Tory government, it never received any direct aid from that source, although its political information was invariably derived from the highest officials in the State. This paper which, still, under changed conditions, drags on an existence, during the first three years of its life had a most chequered and precarious career until the bright thought occurred to the chief editor to offer a free horoscope to every annual subscriber. From the first announcement of this intention the fortunes of the paper changed, and the circulation went up with a bound. At this time I was the acting editor of the *St. Stephens Review*, and was bitterly opposed to the astrological innovation, believing that the ridicule such an announcement would bring in its train would simply ruin the property. I was speedily undeceived, however, the subscriptions poured in, and the astrologer engaged by the paper was overwhelmed. Now it must be remembered that this was not a paper affected by the lower, or even the lower middle class. It was the aristocracy of England, the county families and the wealthy bourgeoisie who read this paper, and, as all the correspondence passed through my hands, I am able to state positively that astrology has, as a cult, laid fast hold on those who move in high English society. Zadkiel's Almanac, for example, is also priced at sixpence, by no means the servant girl's figure, and its sale is simply enormous, which can only be accounted for on the hypothesis that it is mainly bought by the better classes. I used to be a good deal amused by this astrologic correspondence, for in those days I had not the same faith in astral teaching which I have to-day. It was not an unusual thing for one morning to bring letters from ladies of title enclosing the natal hour of two or three daughters asking whether the

astrologer could possibly say when each would be married, and also letters from some of the daughters, unknown to their mothers, asking the same question in regard to their own chances in the marriage mart. It would be eminently a breach of trust to give names as most of the enquirers are alive to-day; but, without doing violence to the professional etiquette of the press, or one's own instincts of right, I will give a few anonymous instances of what happened in the years 1886 and 1887 in connection with this astrological correspondence.

Lady G. wrote sending her husband's exact moment of birth. She was particularly anxious to know if he would get a post on the threshold of the Cabinet then forming. She was told that he would not, and, as a matter of fact, he did not, and six months later her ladyship wrote again asking us this time, with even more apparent interest, whether we could send her the time of her husband's death. This the astrologer refused to do. During the sharp Boulanger crisis in France, when Germany expressed in various ways her dread of one whom she regarded as the man of the future, and the possible hero of the *Revanche*, an enquiry was made and a subscription sent for a male born 24th August, 1838. The paper was to be forwarded to an address in France, but the envelope bore a royal crest, and the date was that of the birth of the Comte de Paris, who, if he read the prediction contained in the nativity, could not have been very sanguine over what so many enthusiastic Orleanists were anticipating at the time; viz., his return to the Louvre and the Tuilleries. I remember a letter from a statesman enclosing a year's subscription to the paper. "I do not want a lengthy nativity," he began, "as I have already had one horoscope cast, but I should like to be told whether next Friday would be a good date for me to make a very important change." He was told that it was not, and, as he is believed to have left the government service on the strength of what happened on that particular Friday, and has never done anything of any striking utility to himself since, the astrologer may be said to have scored.

One curious feature is the large number of Jews who are devout enquirers into the truth of astrology. Scarcely a Jewish family of any distinction but wrote to the *St. Stephens Review* astrologer during the five years he officiated.

On the other hand, very few Americans did us the honor. John Douglas Delille, the late American Consul at Bristol, and a novelist of considerable brilliancy (his "Canon Lucifer" made a great sensation in London a few seasons ago), was talking to me shortly before his sudden and lamented death, and he told me that in the west of England, where he had been long resident, the belief in astrology was growing general. He knew a good deal of the stars himself, and was the only cultured American citizen I have met who appeared to have devoted much thought to the science. There can be no doubt that this somewhat daring idea of casting free horoscopes for annual subscribers to a newspaper had a considerable effect on astrology in England.

A large number of regular professional astrologers live in London, and they one and all agree that the science has distinctly become more popular since 1886. Previously to that date they carried on their horoscopic practice in fear and trembling, but there has been no prosecution of an astrologer, *qua* astrologer, in England for four years now, the last being at Bow street, when "Neptune," an intuitive seer, was mulcted in £5 for casting a horoscope; a barrister in court, who had never seen or heard of him before, springing up to defend him gratuitously on the sole ground that he himself was a believer and a practiser of astrology. Six years ago there were no periodicals in England devoted to astrology. There are now three.

After *St. Stephens Review* had, through change of editorial staff and other reasons, ceased to publish an astrology coupon, two other papers started astrology columns, both of which were interfered with and actually suppressed by the authorities. Then *Society*, a penny paper with a very extensive sale, deemed it advisable to begin one, and selected me to edit it. Here began my real experience. No one, unless he had actually gone through the ordeal, could imagine for one moment what "running" an astrological column in England, in a popular journal, entails in the way of correspondence. I selected "Neptune," the banned and ostracized "rogue and vagabond" of Bow street, to assist me in the task and then spread myself out to write something homely and untechnical so that my humbler penny readers would understand me. I had noticed that, in these professional astrological papers and periodicals, the jargon of Ptolemy is

too much *en evidence*. What can the average human who reads be expected to know, unless he is trained, of right ascensions of nodes or hylegs, how is it possible that he can approach familiarly, or indeed, within arm's length of such dread hieroglyphs as represent Scorpio, Pisces, or Saggitarius? So that, bearing these facts in mind, I wrote an introductory article, simple in form and language, and one that required no wrestling with, a child who knew that there were eight planets that revolved round the great central orb of day could have read it, and, had she been Boston born, might have sneered at it as unworthy of her intelligence. The result of that first article was nearly a thousand letters from all sorts and conditions of men and women, and, to my surprise, at least twenty per cent were from people who had made an actual study of astrology and who wished me to make the articles technical. To be technical is to be not popular; *C'est magnifique mais ce n'est pas la guerre*, and so I let the students severely alone and addressed myself to the masses. During the six months ending June 30, I have answered by post chiefly, but also in the columns of *Society*, nearly thirteen thousand letters, and I have resigned the position; for, devoted though one may be to any particular craft, art, or science, there is a limit to physical and mental endurance, and that limit is reached when the awful postbag with its five hundred letters arrives from a newspaper office before the previous batch of five hundred has been replied to. What I began as a pastime to shake off the cobwebs on the brain, induced by other forms of authorship, became a task of inconceivable magnitude, i. e., assuming the writers were conscientiously replied to, and I certainly did my best. And now to analyze those postbags. Again, although a penny paper, it was the upper middle class and the aristocrat who became my correspondents. It is true that there was a lower element, but it was in a big minority. Now as to the questions asked. Only one in fifty sent in an annual subscription to have their full horoscope cast; of the others, mere questioners, seventy per cent were ladies who wished to know if they were going to be married, and five per cent were from those who were betrothed and who wished to peer into their future destinies, e. g., the number of children they were likely to have, whether their husbands would turn out as constant and true as they appeared to be

as lovers, at the time of writing obviously forgetting that Tom Moore has warned all maidens not to be foolish in that respect in his inimitable "Love's Young Dream":—

" 'Twas odour fled as soon as shed,
 'Twas morning's wing'd beam,
'Twas a light that ne'er can dawn again
 On life's dull stream."

Then, again, ten per cent would be from men, many of them probably adventurers, asking if I had any ladies with money in search of husbands, and the balance would be pretty evenly distributed between women who wanted to be told when their luck was going to change, and men who wished to get a good date for speculating, either in horseracing or on Change.

Frankenstein was never more awed by the monster he had created than I was by this enormous correspondence. Yet it had its pleasant side too. For instance, when I had distinctly sent a warning note to some one who appeared astrally to be on the verge of some grave, but perfectly preventable catastrophe, it was a pleasure to receive back, a month or so afterwards, a letter telling me he or she had passed the peril I had pointed out, and that all was plain sailing again; at the same time acknowledging that but for consulting astrology no premonition would have assisted in averting disaster. Let me here cite two examples of how the science of the stars will beat the reasoning faculty. A rich man, a city merchant, wished for the horoscope of a child born in February, and he wrote a few days after the birth of the child giving the exact moment of its "first cry." The horoscope form was returned to him and nothing more than this was written on it: "The child will not survive March." The merchant, who turned out to be the father, then wrote a very angry letter, saying that the baby was a healthy child and that the horoscope was a swindle, whereupon the paper returned him his subscription and cancelled his name from its list of subscribers. On the 2d of April he wrote to say that the child was taken with convulsions on the 28th of March and died the same day. He apologized, paid two subscriptions, and asked for his own horoscope. The other case is that of a young woman who wrote to say that she was to be married in less than a month, and she desired to obtain some idea as to her future lot with her bridegroom-elect whose exact mo-

ment of birth she enclosed. The reply was that there was no appearance of marriage for her, and that the writer of the astrology article was prepared to forfeit five pounds if she could produce her marriage certificate within so many weeks from the date of the paper's issue. In a little more than a fortnight a note was received from the girl, who had in the meantime written an indignant, and indeed, abusive, letter to the editor, to say that her lover had met with a terrible accident and was not likely to live. He died in May last, after lingering about two months. Instances might be multiplied *ad infinitum*, but those quoted will suffice for the moment.

Another thing that has given astrology in England a great fillip is the series of remarkable predictions which have appeared of late years in our astrologic calendars. Mr. Pearce, a very fine mathematician and a careful and conscientious astrologer, is to all intents and purposes "Zadkiel," and he certainly predicted to the day and even the hour the compulsory abdication of Prince Alexander of Bulgaria. Again, a year in advance, he described the revolution in Brazil in the following words: "The Emperor of Brazil is warned to be very careful of dissensions and machinations among his subjects at this time," and the day against which this is put is the day of the outbreak. Similarly, *Old Moore*, in this year's issue has, by his remarkable prophecy as to the 14th of January, stimulated the curiosity of all believers in the occult. Against that date was printed "The Royal family in mourning," and this almanac is always on sale in the streets of London in the October of the previous year, so that the Duke of Clarence's illness, which did not begin till the 7th of January, could not have influenced the prediction.

In my next paper I propose, among other things, giving you famous instances when astrology has played a large hand in the making of history. Some of these instances are known in a desultory way, but there are others which enter into the life of to-day that are not so well known, and it is time these were exploited.

A PLEA FOR THE PROHIBITION PARTY.

BY REV. E. E. BARTLETT.

GOVERNMENTS are instituted for the supposed good of those who are or may become residents within the area over which the powers of the government are to be exercised.

Early tribal governments were for offensive as well as defensive purposes. To afford protection from the incursions of warlike tribes, and as an attacking party to make victories more certain, was ideal and incentive enough in that early time. But with the growth of civilization, when man should be more humane, it is found the foe within is more dangerous than the foes without. Man needs protection from the selfishness of his neighbor now as much as at any period of his growth.

Civil government, even among a liberty-loving people, is necessary to secure equality of rights, and then we are but moderately successful.

Two great parties have grown up in this century. One, the Federal Republican, representing the centralization of power and money, its policy not inaptly expressed by the man who prayed, "God bless me and my wife, my son John and his wife, us four and no more." The other, a Democratic party, less national in its aims, representing a wider distribution of power, and individual, rather than organized, selfishness in its policy of "personal liberty."

To both parties the chief concern is how to raise the four hundred millions a year needed to pay their great army of office-holders and other expenses of the government.

The one talks of economy, and a revenue by direct taxation, each man paying his just and equitable share in the expense of his protection. A very fair scheme on paper, but past experience shows that it does not protect man from the selfishness of his neighbor.

The other party raises the revenue by a scheme called protection. It protects the manufacturer against foreign competition by a system of taxation which brings foreign capital

here and buys the manufacturers and their plants. It protects the working man from competition with the pauper labor of Europe by bringing the same laborer here to work in the shops of monopolized manufacturers, and still further protects his wages by taxing his food, shelter, and clothing to complete the process of protecting the manufacturer.

While the political arena is filled with the noise of these contending orators, each claiming to help the workman, and therefore entitled to his suffrages, idleness and poverty grow apace. Strikes and lock-outs occur on every hand because of cuts in the rate of wages in the best protected industries.

While there are some gainful occupations in which fair compensation is given the toiler, tens of thousands are nearing the borders of starvation because of the insane attempt to produce cheap clothing to meet the needs of cheap laborers, whose wages do not exceed ninety cents a day, and often less.

The sweating system, with its horde of sick, starving workers, gives the lie to the talk of prosperity and low prices. No price is low which means the life of the toiler.

The desire to perpetuate partisan political power causes both parties to close their eyes and ears and lips to the growing evils of the European saloon system, which holds the government in its grasp. Under the fostering influence of these parties this evil has grown to enormous proportions in the last twenty-five years. Not because Americans are growing more and more intemperate, or that efforts in behalf of temperance are ineffectual, but because this country has been made the dumping ground of the beer-drinking, alcohol-consuming people of Europe. The majority of the nine hundred miles of saloons in the United States are kept by emigrants from the old world, many of whom cannot speak a word of English. Yet so great is the desire for party supremacy that almost as soon as a male emigrant from any part of the old world reaches the place of his destination, he is made a voter by some zealous party worker, with all his old-world habits and attachments still clinging to him.

He does not know that there is a better way, and neither party dare help him to see the better way lest they lose his vote. They therefore concede all that he wants; that is, freedom to carry on his business without interference, so he is permitted to fasten his debasing habits upon the social

life of the nation. That the business is inimical to the best interests of the individual and the nation needs no argument to prove.

The home, the protection of which is the real incentive for the support of any government, is the target at which the poisoned arrow of the liquor traffic is aimed, and it never misses the mark. Because the home is the corner-stone of the government, the life of the nation is endangered; for humanity is so truly one, that when one member suffers, all the members suffer with it.

The luxuries enjoyed by the brewer, the distiller, the saloon-keeper, means the joy-deserted homes, debased manhood, wan-faced childhood, heart-broken womanhood, pauperism, and all the crimes known to the decalogue. It means the sweating system, with its spread of disease and death breeding germs. It means the destruction of the home market for the farmer and the manufacturer. It means idleness, from over-production (of beer and whiskey), and under-consumption of the necessities of life. It means labor defrauded, the home life destroyed, and thousands filling our jails, prisons, almshouses, and insane asylums, for sober toilers to support. The Prohibition Party proposes to change all this by destroying the liquor traffic with a national prohibitory law, and an executive power behind it, pledged to enforce it. Any argument against such a law is an argument against a large part of existing legislation on many subjects in state and nation.

The Prohibition Party proposes to open a home market for the farmer and the manufacturer, by turning the enormous waste of brain and muscle through the liquor traffic into channels of productive labor. It demands greater care and discrimination and real restriction of emigration, to the end that the laborer shall not have to compete with the so-called pauper labor of Europe in the workshops of our own land.

It demands such a change in the naturalization laws as will give the candidate time to properly equip himself for the duties of citizenship, before undertaking to discharge them.

It would abolish the sweating system as one of the evils incident to the liquor traffic. With that prolific source of misery and poverty gone, there would be no workers for the sweater.

Recognizing the fact that no government can properly be called a government of the people, where more than half the intelligent citizens are denied representation, and the injustice of requiring that unrepresented class to work for one half or one third less pay than is given the voter for the same work, when it is as well or better done, the Prohibition Party declares "that no citizen should be denied the right to vote on account of sex, and that equal pay should be given for equal work, without regard to sex."

In this declaration is found a great principle of justice, which entitles the party making it to a fair hearing on all other questions, indicating, as it does the spirit of the party making it — a desire to do justly by all.

It proposes a just and economical rule in the nation, a monetary system better adapted to the needs of so great a people. A tariff that shall be equitable to all and burdensome to none. It recognizes the fraternity of the race, and would seek to lead through law to higher altitudes of faith, hope, and love. For these, and many other reasons, the suffrages of all earnest, thoughtful well-wishers of humanity should be given to the Prohibition Party in the coming presidential contest.

THE REAL CHARACTER OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

BY A. P. DUNLOP.

DURING the coming celebration of the discovery of America, not a single member of the race discovered will be present to participate in the rejoicing. The swift destruction of the Carib race has no parallel in the world's history; and yet, according to Christopher Columbus' own letters and the documents left by numerous historians of that day, the islands were densely populated.

Columbus, who was said to have been disposed to all kinds of agreeable impressions, writes that he "was delighted with the purity and suavity of the atmosphere, the crystal transparency of the sea, and the extraordinary beauty of vegetation"; and yet, within the incredibly short lapse of twelve years, the Carib seems to have been exterminated, and in 1520 was made necessary an expedition, under De Ayllon, to the Carolinas, "for slaves to work on the plantations and in the mines of San Domingo."

On all the islands from Guanahani (San Salvador) to Colba (Cuba) and Hispaniola (San Domingo), all agree that large numbers of "Indians" rushed to the shores; a healthy population that thrrove robustly on the abundant products of the rich soil.

To approximately estimate the number of this race that inhabited the West Indies when Christopher Columbus landed, would be impossible; but San Domingo alone must have been thickly populated, for in a letter from Christopher Columbus to "Their Highnesses," he writes: "The town consisted of one thousand houses and more than three thousand inhabitants. . . . The country was cultivated everywhere . . . the paths wide and commodious. Thus they are well fitted to be governed and set to work to till the land and do whatever is necessary. . . . The houses and towns are very handsome, and the inhabitants live in each settlement under the rule of a sovereign. These magistrates are persons of excellent manners." The Caribs being a manly race, living in a salubrious climate in which no epidemic had yet been imported, must have been numerous. Their tranquil life on the isolated islands, with no natural forces to battle against, would have, by propagation alone, swelled their numbers; and as Columbus frequently writes of aged chiefs, it may be supposed that, although savages, old age was respected, and their patriarchs were

not turned out to die. The only drawback to their increase was, undoubtedly, the attacks made upon each other; but as communication even to-day among the colonial settlements of the West Indies is difficult, it may be imagined that warfare in small canoes, over hundreds of miles of Caribbean Sea, always boisterous during the day, could not have been frequent.

When Columbus returned to Spain, and presented himself before the royal presence of Ferdinand and Isabella, he was accompanied by several of these native islanders, "arrayed in their simple barbaric costume, and decorated with collars and bracelets and other ornaments of gold rudely fashioned," showing at least that they had a partial knowledge of working the precious mineral, which, how-

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.
(From a picture in the Bibliothèque Imperiale, Paris.)

ever, was never found in great abundance on any of the West Indian Islands.

In researches made during the past twenty years on most of the islands, for the discovery of a trace of this extinct race, absolutely nothing has been found; and traditions, which on all the islands are carefully handed down, throwing sometimes a glimpse of several centuries back, fail even to whisper that the imported slave ever found the native slave. The avaricious, blood-thirsty but pious discoverers, in their greed for gold, enslaved this kind-hearted people, and by the lash whipped millions of them from the face of the earth. How this was done is shown by the documents of the good Dominican friar Las Casas, who says that forty thousand of them perished on one group of islands "in a



CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.
(From Herrera's West Indies.)

short time by the sword of the soldier or the lash of the driver."

How much Columbus has to do with this cold-blooded and cowardly massacre and with the discovery of America, is well worthy of thought at a moment when his name and achievements are being wafted over the civilized world, and especially honored by the United States of America, with the discovery of which he had personally nothing to do, and with which his name should never be connected; a name polluted by the blood of millions of innocent creatures, whose hospitality he treacherously destroyed by ingratitude, and rewarded by the inauguration of a system of heartless bondage, unequalled in history by its cunning cruelty; a man whose greatness is but a gilded lie, and who was treated with distrust and aversion by every rank who had dealings with him, from his sovereigns to the common sailor.*

An honest wool carder, Dominic Colon, is made to stand in history as the father of Columbus, while Fernando, Columbus' son, writes that his father's family always "traded by the sea." In the 5th chapter of Fernando's history he writes: "A famous man of his name and family called Colon, renowned upon the sea, insomuch that they made use of his name to frighten children in the cradle. . . . This man was called Colon the younger." He further writes that his father sailed "for a long time" with this Colon, and describes an encounter between these pirates and some galleys from Flanders, in which Christopher barely escaped to Lisbon with his life.†

Fernando probably knew it was better to show his father's prior life, for when he wrote his history (declaring all others incorrect) he was in daily communication with his uncles, Bartholomew and Diego, and could have been enlightened concerning the admiral's

* In 1789, Charles IV. conceived the idea of establishing a library at Cadiz, in charge of Don Martin Fernandez de Navarrete, which should contain, if possible, all papers referring to the discovery of the New World. For this the royal library of Madrid, the archives of the Marquises of Santa Cruz and Villa Franca, and the Duke of Madinasidona, were ransacked, and soon after a book was published, giving an exact copy of the precise words of Columbus. This volume is called "Colección de los Viagos y Descubrimiento que hicieron por los Espanoles desde fines del Siglo XV., &c., &c., &c." Besides these papers, the *Archives General de Indias at Seville* alone at one time contained forty-seven thousand huge packages referring to these "discoveries," while many learned men have written a great deal on the subject, including Franciscan, Dominican, and Benedictine monks, whose works are still in the archives of their monastic orders in Italy. Among these is the "good" Dominican *Fray Bartholomé de las Casas*. An illegitimate son of Christopher Columbus, named Fernando, also wrote a glowing tribute to his father, on which our own Washington Irving has written his brilliant work on "The Life of Columbus."

† In the Venetian archives a brighter light might be found of the family of the real navigator than Fernando, having furnished the clue, was willing to give. From the above authority it may be learned that six or seven ships, commanded by one called Columbus the younger, lay off Cape St. Vincent watching for the arrival of four or five Venetian merchantmen, termed Flanders' galleys; that the attack was made on Aug. 21, 1485. In a despatch to the Venetian senate, dated Sept. 18, 1485, from the doge to the ambassador of Milan, is the following: "The capture of the Flanders' galleys by ships commanded by a son of Columbus and Giovanni Griego;" and Marin Sanuto, in his MS. "Lives of the Doges," yet preserved in the library at St. Marks, says: "Our galley fell in with Columbus, that is to say, Nicolo Griego;" while a Venetian decree, dated Dec. 2, 1485, has it: "Our Flanders' galleys captured by Columbus' son and Lorzi Griego;" while a document (also in Venice), dated April 9, 1486, recounting the capture, has it: "Nicolo Griego, who is called Columbus, junior."

parents, of whom he writes, "all particulars concerning which are hidden." He might also have found the approximate year of his father's birth, believing it to be easier to bridge over thirty than fifty years. And yet this illegitimate son professes to have seen the fitting out of the galleys, and writes that he was old enough to estimate their strength, etc. He also writes that his father was a "light-haired man," and speaks of a physiological phenomenon, as "at thirty his hair was white."

At the time of the capture of the galleys, Columbus is, however, said to have been fifty years old; and in a letter written by him to the Spanish sovereigns he says: "Most serene Princes: I went to sea very young, and have continued to this day, now forty years. . . . our Lord . . . has made me very skilful in navigation; knowing enough in astrology, and so in geometry and arith-

metic. God has given me genius," etc.

Columbus also wrote that he made a voyage for the King of Naples, to capture a ship, and the principal fact on which he dwells is that he "changed the points of the compass," and deceived the men, "so at break of day we found ourselves near Cape Cartegna, all aboard thinking we had certainly been sailing for Marseille"; and this furnishes the clue to the character of "the discoverer," falsehood and deceit being its prominent traits.

He also professes to have made a voyage to "an hundred leagues beyond Thule," whose southern port is seventy-three degrees distant from the equinoctial. As he pretends then to have been a skilled map-maker, it is difficult to understand why he did not "discover" a treatise there called the "Description of the whole Earth," in existence in Iceland at the end of the thirteenth century, which reads, "England and Scotland is a great island . . . all these countries are situated in the part of the world called Europe. Next to Denmark is lesser Sweden; then \mathcal{E} land, then Gothland, then Kelsingland, then Vermeland and



CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.
(Bust at Genoa.)

the two Kyendlands, which lie north of Bearmeland. From Bearmeland stretches desert land towards the north, until Greenland begins. South of Greenland is Helluland; next is Markland; from thence it is not far to Vinland the good, which some think goes out to Africa." It is thus seen that the Scandinavian geographers' knowledge was very nearly correct. The Sagas, then known by all on Iceland, recorded the discovery of Greenland in 985, and the description of the voyage to the American continent in the same year. Columbus must also have felt some interest in the story, told by all Icelandic firesides then, about Thorwald's visit to Kialarness, probably Cape Cod, and to Point Al lerton, below Boston, in 1004, and also the voyage (in 1006) made by Thorfinn Karlsefne, an illustrious Dane, or as described in the "Annals of Iceland," of a ship which had made a voyage to Markland in 1347.

As to the discovery of these Norsemen, the historians of Columbus are silent, although Columbus writes he had visited their homes in Thule. But if Columbus discovered the island of San Salvador in 1492, the Scandinavians visited the entire coast of America, from the extreme north to Florida, six hundred years before, while the "Cambrian Chronicle" speaks confidently of a voyage made by Prince Modoc to a western continent in 1170.

* * * *

Columbus swam ashore with the aid of an oar from the burning galleys, and went to Lisbon, where he married Doña Felipa Muniz de Perestrela. His wife's father leaving her some possessions in Madeira, the impecunious Columbus soon afterwards took up his abode in that country. About his history on that island the following is an extract from "The Royal Commentaries of Peru," written in Spanish by the Inca Garcilasso de la Vega, and translated into English by Sir Paul Rycaut in 1688: "About the year 1484, a certain pilot, native of Hélva in the county of Niebla, called Alonso Sanchez, usually traded in a small vessel from Spain to the Canaries, and there landing the commodities of that country called the Maderas, and thence freighted with sugar and other conserves, returned home to Spain; this was his constant course and traffick, when, in one of these voyages meeting with a most violent tempest, and not able to bear sail, he was forced to put before the wind for the space of twenty-eight or twenty-nine days, not knowing where or whither he went, for in all that time he was not able to take an observation of the height of the sun; and so grievous was the storm that the mariners could with no convenience either eat or sleep. At length, after so many long and tedious days, the wind abated, they found themselves near an island, which it was, not certainly known, but it is believed to have been San Domingo, because that lies just west of the Canaries, whence a storm at

east had driven the ship, which is the more strange, because the easterly winds seldom blow hard in those seas, and rather make fair weather than tempestuous. . . . The master, landing on the shore, observed the height of the sun, and so noticed particularly in writing what he had seen and what had happened on this voyage out and home, and having supplied himself with fresh water and wood, he put to sea again; but having not well observed his course thither, his way to return was more difficult, and made a voyage so long that he began to want both water and provisions, which being added to their former sufferings, the people fell sick and died in that manner that of seventeen persons which came out of Spain there remained but five only alive when they arrived at Terceras, of which the master was one. These come all



CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

(From Muñoz "Historia del Nuevo Mundo.")

to lodge at the house of that famous Genoese called Christopher Colon, because they knew him to be a great seaman and cosmographer, and one who made sea charts to sail by; and for this reason he received them with much kindness, and treated them with all things necessary, that so he might learn from them the particulars which occurred and the discoveries they had made in this laborious voyage. But in regard they brought a languishing distemper with them, caused by their sufferings at sea, and of which they could not recover by the kind usage of Colon, *they all happened to die in his house*, leaving their labors for his inheritance, the which he improved with such readiness of mind that he under-

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.
(From De Bry's "America.")

went more and greater than they, in regard that they lasted longer; and at length he so well succeeded in his enterprise that he bestowed the New World, with all its riches, upon Spain." *

Fernando writes: "He (Columbus) had always proposed to himself to find land according to the place they were then in, as they well knew he had often told them he never expected to find land until he was seven hundred and fifty leagues to the westward of the Canaries."

In the Journal of September 26, 1492, is written, "Martin Alonzo Pinzon conferred with the admiral on the chart in which lands were laid down, as the ships were in that neighborhood"; and on October 3, 1492, "The admiral considered the ships were to the westward of the islands marked on the chart."†

Knowing the specific spot, but without scientific date or argument, he showed himself as ignorant as he does in his writing; for Andres Bernal, known as the good curate of Los Palacios, in whose house Christopher Columbus lived, writes that he was "A man of much mind, but with little learning," and it must be borne in mind that the Arabs had for centuries enlightened Spain, that the cities of Cordova and Salamanca possessed spheres, zodiacs, etc., and that the learned of those schools had a correct idea of the antipodes and of the sphericity of the globe, while Columbus said that the world was "pear-shape."

The story of the dead pilot might have brought conviction to

* Washington Irving frankly admits that the veracity of this document "would destroy all his" (Columbus)' "merits as an original discoverer" (Irving appendix No. XI.), but to give an extract from all the old writers who corroborate his story of the dead pilot, would alone fill a volume. The following, however, part of a "Dedictory Letter to a Summary of European Politics, especially of Spanish Affairs," published at Madrid in 1666 to the Duke of Veraguas, then the legal representative of the Columbus family, written by Captain Galardii, his secretary. . . . "Christopher Columbus, whose courage was intrepid, and his industry equal to his greatness of soul, obligingly entertained in his house on the Island of Madeira the pilot of a vessel which the violence of a storm had carried off very far into the ocean and in sight of unknown lands." . . . "In fact, he left to Columbus the very important legacy of his instructions concerning that which had happened to him on a voyage so painful and difficult, and gave him such sketches of the land, and directions as to its position and distance as were possible." In this it will be seen that Christopher Columbus' historians were more jealous of his fame as a discoverer, than were his immediate descendants and heirs to his honor. In "Eden's Preface to Peter Martyr's Decades" can be found: "Certayne Preambles here followe, gathered by R. Eden heretofore, for better understanding of the whole worke" in which the story of the pilot is told at length: "A Certayne Caranell, sayling in the West Ocean, about the coastes of Spayne, had a forcible and continuall winde, from the East, whereby it was driven to a land unknowne, and not described in any Map or Carde of the Sea." . . . "Again some say that he brought the Caranell to Portugall, or the Ilands of Madeira, or to some Ilands called *de los Azores*. Yet doe none of them affirme anything, although they all affirme that the pilot dyed in the house of Christopher Colon, with whom remayned all suche writings and annotations as he had made of his voyages in the said Caranell, as well of such things as he observed both by land and sea, as also of the elevation of the pole in those Ilands which he had discovered." The same story is told in "Purchas's Pilgrimage" edition 1625.

† Again, according to Fernando, Columbus had information which induced him "to believe for certain that there were such islands," and this information he revealed to the King of Portugal. But soon Columbus is said to have evinced an extraordinary aversion to Portugal, which his historians say was caused by distrust of the King; while Navarrete Vol. II., Pg. 10, published a document which plainly shows that he had become liable to arrest for debt and crime, which caused his flight into Spain, where he was found begging at the Convent de la Robida.

these *savants*, but this Columbus refused to give, fearing he might be deprived of his reward; and just how shrewd this "holy" discoverer, who afterwards styled himself the "Christbearer," was, can be gathered by the terms finally agreed upon by their Catholic Majesties, April 17, 1492.

First—"Their highnesses, as sovereign of the ocean, constitute Don Christopher Columbus, their admiral in all those islands and continents that by his industry shall be discovered or conquered in the said ocean during his own life, and after his death to his heirs and successors, one by one, forever, with all the pre-eminences and prerogative to that office pertaining; and in the same manner as Don Alonzo Henriquez, their Grand Admiral of Castille, and his predecessors, in said office, had enjoyed the same within their districts." Then follows the terms which the discoverer demanded: "That he have and enjoy the tenth part of it for himself," etc., etc.,—not a bad bargain for a pious discoverer setting sail for "the conversion of savages to our holy faith."

During the voyage Columbus gives himself undue credit for deceit. He writes that he kept one log book for himself and a false one with which to deceive his crew. This could scarcely have been true, for both the Pinzons were skilled navigators, and on September 17, 1492, he contradicts his statement by writing that he ordered the pilot to make observations of the heavens. Neither is the imputation of mutiny evident; for Columbus' own log book shows that Martin Alonzo Pinzon and Vincent Yanez kept the vessels ahead during the entire voyage, having often to wait for the approach of the *Sante Maria*, and this they would certainly not have done had there been any desire to turn back.

At two o'clock on the morning of October 12, the Pinta being far ahead, fired a gun, in signal of having sighted land, first seen by Juan Rodriques Bermejo. In order, however, to get the thirty crowns a year, promised by "Their Highnesses," Columbus said he had seen light at ten o'clock the night before. According to the log book, Columbus must have seen this spiritual light at a distance of fifty miles; that is, a torch in the hands of a savage upon the flat shore of the island of San Salvador, and through the globular form of the earth. Irving, who noticed this inconsistency, writes: "Had Columbus seen a light ahead, four hours' swift sailing would have brought him high and dry upon the shore." The fraud is, however, too plain to leave doubt as to the baseness in Columbus in defrauding Bermejo out of his just reward, which was afterwards paid yearly to Columbus at the shambles of Seville.

When Christopher Columbus, as Irving tells us, landed in "his scarlet dress" and the evidently false account of the crew's fawn-

ing and kissing the discoverer's feet, and the ceremony of receiving the oath of allegiance to him was over, he proceeded at once to converse with the "Indians, and was directed by them to lands where gold is found." Meeting a race totally different from his own, he on the same day writes "Their Highnesses" all the information about them, as if they were educated people perfectly able to converse intelligently with him, and, before leaving, carried off seven of them, *to act as interpreters*.

Next he sails to St. Mary of the Conception where he pens the amazing falsehoods to "Their Highnesses" that he "inhaled the odor of rich spices of Asia," and that nightingales are so numerous as, in their flight, to darken the sky.

The utter lack of truth of Columbus is, however, best seen in a letter to Santangel, now in the Archives of Spain, in which he writes "one of the provinces is called Cavan. Men having tails are born there." (Columbus's letter to the *Escribano de Racion* February 15, 1493.) Mark his deceit and cunning duplicity when he made it appear that he was on the borders of Cathay, and despatched an embassy to the Grand Khan. That Columbus did not then imagine that he was in Asia, is proven by his son, who tells us his "father did not give them that name (Indians)" because he thought them to be the Indies, but because all men were sensible of the riches and wealth of India; and therefore by that name he thought to tempt their Catholic Majesties, who were doubtful of his undertaking, telling them he went to discover the Indies by way of the West (*Historia del Amirante*, Chapt. VI.).

On December 7, Columbus discovered the Island of Haiti—the chief scene of his inhumanity and crime. The first capture was a young woman with a small gold ornament in her nose. This awakened the covetous greed of Columbus, and here he remained.

Peter Martyr thus described this island: "It is certain that the land among these people is as common as the sun and water, and that 'mine and thine,' the seed of all misery, have no place with them. They are content with so little that, in so large a country, they have rather a superfluity than scarceness; so that they seem to live in the golden world, without toil, living in open gardens, not intrenched with dikes, divided with hedges, or defended with walls. They deal truly one with another, without laws, without books, without judges. They take him for an evil and mischievous man who taketh pleasure in doing hurt to another; and, albeit, they delight not in superfluities, yet they make provisions for the increase of such roots whereof they make bread, content with such simple diet whereby health is preserved and decease avoided." (Peter Martyr, *Decade I*, Book III.)

Yet, as soon as Columbus has stationed himself at this beautiful island, he immediately writes to Santangel that "La Navidad is conveniently situated for commerce with the Grand Khan, and offers grand facilities for the export of slaves." (Letter to the *Escribano de Racion*, February 15, 1493.)

At this point Columbus again — as he often afterwards did — shows himself as a navigator. His own words are as follows, always garnished with piety: "On the 24th of December, while lying off the coast of Hispaniola, it pleased the Lord seeing me go to bed, and we being in the dead calm and the sea as still as water in a dish, all the men went to bed, leaving the helm to a grumete (boy). Then it came to pass that the current easily carried away the ship upon one of those shoals which, though it was night, made such a roaring noise that they might be heard and discovered a league off."

This sheer carelessness of "the Admiral of the Sea" thus made the St. Martha, the best and largest of his vessels, a total wreck; and but for the chief, Guacanagari, who came with all his canoes to their assistance, many lives would have been lost. But such carelessness is excused by the historians in a man who was constantly "deluding himself" (Irving) into the belief that he "saw three mermaids" (Herrera, West Indies, Decade I., Book II., chapter I.) and "two islands opposite each other, the one solely inhabited by women of warlike nature, the other solely by men." It would be better to believe that Columbus, instead of being the deluded, was the deluder, and that the fables of mermaids, men with tails, dogs' heads and "one eye," are cut from the same cloth as his statement that the small, flat island of San Salvador contained a harbor capable of holding all the ships of Christendom.

Returning to Spain, after his first voyage, Columbus lands at the Island of St. Mary, where the Commander Castañeda, who knew him in his former days of piracy, arrested the entire party, (A. B. Becher, *Landfall of Columbus*, page 268); but finding him "leading a new life," he was released, and the great navigator, "by mistake," sights Lisbon, where he spread the report that the Niña was loaded down with gold. And then he started for Barcelona, where Fernando would have it believed that there was much joy.*

Mr. George Summer, the eminent antiquarian, however, gives the following information: —

"Judging from the brilliant reception given by Irving and

* Peter Martyr, a contemporary, and one of the most prolific writers of his time, thus relates the affaire to Fernando de Talavera, February 1, 1494: "The king and queen, on return of Columbus to Barcelona, from his honorable enterprise, appointed him admiral of the ocean sea, and caused him, on account of his illustrious deeds, to be seated in their presence." This is all said about the wonderful reception which Fernando, Herrera and Mr. Irving writes was the talk of every tongue — the admiration of the world.

Prescott on the arrival of Columbus at Barcelona, and of his reception by the Catholic sovereigns, it seemed to me probable that some contemporary account of their arrival and reception, as well as of the sojourn of Columbus, might be found in Barcelona; and while there, in the spring of 1844, I searched the admirably arranged archives of Aragon, and also those of Barcelona, for such notice, but without any success. I could not find so much as a mention of the name of Columbus. . . . On the date of November 15, 1492 (in the *Dietaria*), is the following entry:—

“The king and queen and promogenito entered the city to-day, and lodged in the palace of the Bishop of Urgil, in the Calle Ancha.” “1493, 4th of February, king and queen went to Alserat.” “14th, king and queen returned to Barcelona.” Not a word about Columbus.

The naked and prosaic truth is that Columbus was received by his sovereigns and allowed to tell the story of his voyages, the burden of which, his historians write, was that he assured their majesties that those he had left behind him would collect a ton of gold before his return; that he talked of being soon able to raise such an army as should release the Holy Sepulchre from the infidels. He declared that wealth could be gathered without cost of labor, and that the riches of Asia were at the command of Spain.

No wonder that the Church chanted his praise, and crushed any who did not join them in extolling his “holy mission,” and that he was equipped for a second voyage after the bull of Pope Alexander VI. had deeded the lands to Spain “*solely on the testimony of Columbus*,” the inhabitants of which are “numerous, live peacefully and, it is affirmed, go naked and feed not upon human flesh.” No sooner had he, however, returned to the New World, than he sees that the “ton of gold” he promised was not collected, that the spices of Asia could not be found, and then his mind turned upon the gentle savage, and his reminiscences of the Guinea slave trade are brought to mind as a source of wealth. To establish slavery he must represent his victims as monsters, feeding upon human flesh, and thus make out that to enslave was to civilize them.

On the second return to the island he despatched a document to “their highnesses,” in the seventh paragraph of which he boldly begins his proposal to enslave the Indians. He tells “their highnesses” that he herewith sends some slaves, adding that “their highnesses might fix duties on the slaves who might be taken over, upon their arrival in Spain.”

In one paragraph, after making the false charge of cannibalism against the natives, he goes into a systematic plan for his project. He shows that the island is in need of cattle, and proposes that ships be sent to the colony laden with oxen, mules, etc., and

returned to Spain with a cargo of human live stock from the cannibal portion of the population. But in his eagerness to establish this slave trade on the grounds of cannibalism, he stultified himself by praising the intelligence of the inhabitants, losing sight of the fact that those who eat human flesh are always among the most debased races, and but one remove from the brute.

Yet in his first letter to his sovereigns, he had written: "I did not find, as some of us expected, any cannibals among them, but on the contrary, men of great deference and kindness. Neither are they black like the Ethiopian; their hair is smooth and straight." Never was slavery more deliberately planned, and yet "the sweet queen" of "glorious memory," after being shocked, signed an order in 1503, whereby she compelled them to work as only slaves are compelled.

On his second voyage, Columbus brought hundreds of young Spaniards, who left their luxurious homes, lured by his tales of gold, and to them his falsehoods soon became manifest. With characteristic selfishness, Columbus first builds a house for himself (Herrera, Decade I., Chapter XI.), leaving the gentler born to die from the effects of the hardship they endured. Rebellion became ripe, and to quell it, Columbus sent four hundred of the less sickly into the interior, with the instructions that "the two-fold object" of the exposition was "overawing the natives and feeding the men without drawing on the colony for supplies."

Don Pedro Margarite, at the head of this hungry band, marched through the island. Their avarice, licentiousness, and brutality exceeded all bounds, and caused such dismay to Bishop Boyle, appointed by the Pope as Apostolic Vicar, and head of the Church in the Western lands, that he desired to return to Spain. In his capacity he had before remonstrated with and excommunicated Columbus, whereupon "the holy navigator" refused to furnish the Pope's Vicar with provisions, and he was literally starved out of the island.

Both Margarite and Boyle left for Spain on one of the ships that had brought Bartholomew Columbus out, and after that Columbus is found battling with the Indians, "five hundred of them being taken prisoners and sent to Spain at one time." (Spotorno Historia Memoria, p. 86.) After this no talk is made of enslaving cannibals only, as prisoners of war became more available.

When Columbus supposed he had secured tranquillity, he sailed on further expeditions, April 24, 1494, discovering Jamaica. On this voyage, though he knew he was not in Asia, and was unwilling to trust to further discoveries, he sent a public notary, Fernand Perez de Luna, to each of his vessels, demanding formally of every person an affirmation "that the land before him was a continent,

the beginning and the end of the Indies, by which any one might return by land to Spain." (Irving.) "Lest they should subsequently, out of malice or caprice, contradict the opinion thus solemnly avowed, it was proclaimed, by the notary, that whosoever should offend in such a manner, if an officer, should pay the penalty of ten thousand maravedis; if a ship boy or person of the like rank, he should receive a hundred lashes and have his tongue cut out!" (Irving.) It goes without saying that the document was signed, and that the "saintly admiral of the ocean sea" became guilty, not alone of a gross falsehood, but of subornation of perjury, and thus the "humane Columbus" determined the latitude of Cuba.

When the ships, with five hundred Indians to be sold in Spain as slaves, had left the new Haytian settlement, although the natives are not said to have molested the Spaniards, Columbus sallied out to attack them. "He had with him," says Irving, "twenty blood-hounds, fearless and ferocious; when once they seized their prey, nothing could compel them to relinquish their hold. The horses, urged on by their cruel riders, bore down upon the unarmed and defenceless people, striking them to the earth, and trampling upon them. The horsemen dealt blows on all sides, with spear or lance, and the blows were not returned; none of those butchered and terrified Indians made the least resistance, while the blood-hounds, scarce more savage than their masters, sprang upon the naked bodies of the prostrate and fleeing, dragging them to the earth and tearing out their bowels; those who escaped the slaughter were sold to slavery worse than death." (Washington Irving's Columbus, Book VIII., Chapter VI.) After this, began the real plunder by the "great man." Always "greedy for gold, he required every person above fourteen to pay the amount of that metal which would fill a Flemish hawk bell" (fifteen dollars) every three months. In vain did they offer to till the fields, which Las Casas said would "feed Spain with bread for ten years"; in vain did they run to the mountains, only to be brought back to the most abject slavery the world has ever known. They dared neither hunt nor fish, and, famished and faint-hearted, they sank by the wayside, or died in the mines under the lash of the "Christbearer." Yet this is the man whom America eulogizes in its school-books, and holds up as an example for imitation.

On July 11, 1496, Columbus made his second return to Spain, but the confidence in him was shaken. In vain did he announce that he had found "that land of Ophir whence Solomon procured his gold"—his falsehood and fraud but turned to plague the inventor. For a year and a half he begged for ships; and finally, on May 30, 1498, ships were granted him, and the pious explorer

sailed on his third voyage in the name of the Holy Trinity; and, on the 1st of August, 1498, for the first time beheld the continent of America, which Amerigo Vespucci had visited the preceding year, coasting from Honduras to Chesapeake Bay, and which Sebastian Cabot reached June 24, 1497, coasting the shores from Labrador to Florida. (Vanhagen Analyse Critique, page 94, Bandini Vita di Amerigo Vespucci, Chapter III., page 45.)

On his arrival at San Domingo, this man, whom his enthusiastic advocate, M. de Lorgues, wished to canonize, reached the summit of his crimes. It is one of the most disgraceful pages of a disgraceful history, and illustrates the treachery, cowardice, inability, and gross tyranny of Christopher Columbus.

On all sides were murmurs of dissatisfaction. Columbus was held in bitter detestation. Adrian de Moxica was one of many who fearlessly accused Columbus of his crimes that had brought misery to the islands. In an outburst of passion, the saintly Columbus kicked the prisoner from the high walls of the fortress into the fosse below. (See Minoz, West Indies, Decade I., Book IV., Chapter I.)

Irving wrote that Columbus, losing all patience, ordered "the dastard wretch to be flung headlong from the battlements."

The murder of Moxica was, however, but the beginning. Whenever they came upon a dissatisfied Spaniard he was seized, the priest confessed him, and he was hung forthwith, in order that the "admiral's enemies might give over railing."

But his barbarous rule was soon at an end. His enterprise, which he had promised should enrich Spain, had cost much and paid nothing. Hundreds of returned adventurers clamored around the king and queen, shouting, "Behold the son of the admiral of Mosquito land, the discoverer of false and deceitful countries to be the ruin and burial place of Spanish hidalgos." Columbus was therefore relieved by Francisco de Bobadilla, by an order from Madrid, May 21, 1499. Columbus refused to obey the royal command when presented. An investigation was held and Columbus was imprisoned, "his own cook riveting the fetters with as much readiness and alacrity," writes Las Casas, "as though he was serving him with the choicest viands."

The ship which bore the "sainted" discoverer from his scenes of crime reached Cadiz in 1500, when he was immediately released, Isabella not wishing to publicly denounce the man by whose perjury she hoped to have obtained a continent.

For four years Columbus remained in Spain, again begging for vessels with which to discover "a strait between the lands" which he was aware existed. The cupidity of the queen was again excited, and at length, on the 9th of May, 1502, he undertook his fourth voyage, expressly forbidden to touch at Hispaniola

on his outward voyage, and if necessary, only for a short stay on returning. (Navarrete, Colece, Dip. Vol. I., p. 425.)

This order he disobeyed, immediately landing on the island; and Ovando, then in command, refused to admit him to the harbor of San Domingo. He set sail for the Mosquito coast, after which he visited Jamaica.*

On the 28th of June, one year after his landing at Jamaica, he embarked for Hispaniola, leaving thence for Spain, where he landed Nov. 7, 1504, at San Lucar de la Barrameda, "bedrodden, and had himself carried to Seville."

The court was weary of the "pauper-pilot," promiser of realms. He had failed in every promise; he had not fulfilled one. He had not visited the Grand Khan, he had not brought tons of gold to Spain, he had not opened the commerce to the East, he had not discovered the strait.

Finally he proceeded to the court, then held in Segovia, where he was kindly received, in May, 1505, Ferdinand recommending him "to rest and nurse his infirmities" and May 20, 1506, Columbus died at Valladolid.

The falsehood Columbus began did not end at his death. Mr. Charles Sumner writes: "Throughout all Spain I know of no inscription to the memory of Columbus, and it is noticeable that the government of Spain has ever abstained from any spontaneous recognition of Columbus; and when Hispaniola was ceded to France, in 1536, no reservation was made of his ashes." It is only on the brazen door of the National Capitol that Congress deemed it proper to import a bronze to symbolize a fiction—the fabled entry into Barcelona, which never took place; and it is to eulogize this man that Europe, Asia, Africa, and Oceanica will be invited—a man who robbed the dead, falsely called himself a discoverer, and destroyed a peaceable race, striking them out of existence.

His son writes that whenever his "holy" father was to write, and tried his pen, it was with the words "*Jesus cum Maria fit nobis in via*"; then he wrote falsehood upon falsehood, and after praying and fasting, deliberately set about either killing his own countrymen or the poor, unoffending Caribs.

Irving writes that he was not willing to leave Spain; a tie of a tender nature still held him to that country. Like his whole being, his name, his parentage, his birthplace, his life, this incident

* But notwithstanding all the boasted skill of Columbus as a navigator, he was singularly unfortunate with all his ships. His last carelessness cost him a vessel at Belen, one at Puerto Bello, and on Jamaica on the 23d of June, 1503, he ran the dilapidated remnant of his fleet hard aground at a place called Santa Gloria. During his enforced sojourn here, he dressed in the garb of a Franciscan monk, which, in mock humility, he had assumed. "He was served at table as a grandee; all hail! was said to him on state occasions." (Help's Life of Columbus, p. 124.) Soon we find that rebellion breaks out in the crew. After eight months, he having sent Diego Menles to Hispaniola, Ovando sent a ship with "a barrel of wine and two fitches of bacon," but with no orders to bring Columbus back. At length two vessels came to his relief.

is wrapt in obscurity. Irving says (Book II., Chapter VI.) that "this liaison does not appear to have been sanctioned by marriage;" and then this more than fifty years-old libertine brought shame and ruin upon Beatrix Enrequez, and begot children with her, and then left her in poverty and disgrace.* (Abbé Cadoret, *Vie de Christopher Columbus* appendice, page 402.)

The ideas on science of this bearer of the gospel to the heathen natives may be summed up as follows:—

"I affirm that the globe is not spherical. The world is but small. Out of seven divisions the dry part occupies six, and the seventh is entirely covered with water. Experience has shown it, and I have written it with quotations from the holy Scriptures." (Letter to his sovereigns, July 7, 1503.)

Las Casas calls him "an unlettered admiral"; Humboldt writes, "He was but little familiar with mathematics, and in absolute want of knowledge of natural history"; while M. de Lorgues, who would make him a saint, is "astonished with the ignorance of Columbus."

What did Columbus then originate but fiction? Gain was his great object, and love of gold his motive power. Gold was his god, and he sought it as a pirate, as an African slave dealer, and as a West Indian slave stealer. Gold, he thought and wrote, could purchase his entrance into heaven. "Gold is the most precious of all commodities; gold constitutes treasure, and he who possesses it has all he needs in this world, and also the means of rescuing souls from purgatory and restoring them to the enjoyment of paradise." (Letters to his sovereigns, July 7, 1503.) What wonder, then, that his glorious undertaking was deceit!

In Cariari he said there were "great enchanters of a fearful character"; and in Jamaica, his son writes, "the coming caravel was but a phantom made by art magic, the admiral being skillful in the art." (Historia del Amirante, Chapter CVI.)

Some years ago, a monument was to be erected at Genoa to the memory of Columbus, although the following towns claimed him: Monferrat, Bogliasco, Chievara, Oneglia, Quinto, Albisola, Nervi, Pradello, Cogoleto, Savona, Ferrara, Piaceuza, Genoa, and within the last year, Corsica. Fernando is not able to decide. Herrera, says Genoa; Salinero, that any one who would deny Genoa that honor "would be a monster." An accurate birth register was kept in Genoa, however, but the name is not to be found in it. If his name was Nicolo Griego, "sometimes called Columbus," he was probably a Greek. There are numerous portraits of Columbus, but on examination none looked like another. Professor Marsand, on examining them, said they were all false, and Spotorna claimed

*The sickness, too, which his historians so often allude to as gout, the curious may find in "Historia del Amirante," Chapter LXIV.; in "Herrera's Decade 1," Book V.; in "Ramusistone" 111, page 65; and by Prescott to "Letters Sulla Storia de Mali Venerei, di Domenico Thiene, Venezia, 1823."

that "Spain could not produce a true picture of Columbus." Fernando does not mention that his father sat for a portrait, though the art of portrait painting, in that day, was at its height, and copies of every important personage are extant; but in his Historia del Amirante, Chapter III., Fernando says his visage was long, his eyes were white, he had a hawk nose." Others say that he had red hair, and that he had pimples on his face. De Bry claims that he possessed a portrait seen in the Council of the Indies, from whence it was stolen, and sent to the Netherlands for sale, and finally bought by him. That he was not arrested and the portrait confiscated by the Spanish government, is proof enough against his claim. This picture has been used by Marquis Durazzo in his "Eulogium of Columbus," and by Bry in his "America," but as it is not positively known if Columbus' ashes rest on the island of San Domingo or on Cuba, so no one can now tell if any of the myriads of spurious likenesses have the faintest resemblance to the living Columbus. The inventors of his glory have also invented his portraits.

But no true picture of Columbus has been left behind for admiring posterity, neither has the historian furnished us with his true name. His signature, as mystifying as his most trivial act, is supposed to mean Servidor Sus Allezas Christo, Maria, Isabel, or Joseph, and in his will he orders "Don Diego, my son, or any other that may inherit my name, in coming into possession of the inheritance shall sign with the signature I now make use of, which is an X with an S over it, and an M with a Roman A over it, and over that an S, and then a Greek Y with an S over it, with the lines and points as is my custom and may be seen by my signature," etc.

Fernando accounts for the alias, with his usual resource to piety, in the following unique manner: "We may mention many names which were given by secret impulse, to denote the effect those persons were to produce, and as in his are foretold and expressed the wonder he performed. For if we look upon the common surname of his ancestors, we may say, he was true Columbus or Columba; for as much as he conveyed the grace of the Holy Ghost into the new world which he discovered, showing those people who knew him, not what was God's Son, as the Holy Ghost did in the figure of a dove to St. John's baptism; and because he also carried the olive branch and oil of baptism over the water of the ocean, like Noah's dove, to denote the peace and union of those people with the Church, after they had been shut up in the ark of darkness and confusion. And the surname Colon which he revived, was proper to him, which in Greek signifies a member, that his proper name being Christopher, it might be shown he was the member of Christ, by whom salva-

tion was to be conveyed to those people. Moreover, if he would bring his name to the Latin pronunciation, that is Christophorus Colonus, we may say that as Saint Christopher is reported to have borne that name because he carried Christ over the deep waters, with great danger to himself, whence came the denomination of Christopher; and as he conveyed over the people whom no other could have been able to carry, so the admiral, Christophorus Colonus, implored the assistance of Christ in that dangerous passage, went over safe himself and his company, that those Indian nations might become civilized inhabitants of the Church triumphant in Heaven; for it is to be believed that many souls which the Devil expected to make prey of, had they not passed through the water of baptism, were by him made inhabitants and dwellers in the eternal glory of Heaven."

The peace Columbus brought the Caribs was the grave; the olive branch was the slave-dealer's whip.

SYMPOSIUM ON WOMEN'S DRESS.

[PREPARED UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE NATIONAL COUNCIL OF WOMEN OF THE UNITED STATES.]

PART II.

BY VISCOUNTESS HARBERTON, OCTAVIA W. BATES, A. B.,
GRACE GREENWOOD, AND MRS. E. M. KING.

VI.

HOW IT IS WE GET ON NO FASTER.

IT is impossible to look at an assembly of women without remarking how devoid they seem to be of all idea of progress and of getting rid of disabilities where dress is concerned. Ridiculous little alterations in constantly recurring grooves fill up for them all that is required in the way of change. And strange as it sounds, it seems certain they have no proper knowledge of whether they are comfortable or the reverse. Unfortunately this state of affairs is likely to continue unless women will combine more energetically to combat it than they have hitherto done; as an appearance of incapability has come to be looked upon as a mark of good breeding. It is therefore a definite object to strive for among many classes of women. And most ably are they assisted in this object by an army of dressmakers, to whom it saves a wonderful amount of trouble to only be required to drape their customer, as they might a room curtain or dress stand, in graceful festoons; without being obliged to take into consideration whether the dress is adapted to locomotion, or cleanliness, or the carrying power of the wearer.

Just at present our dresses look rather like riding habits gone mad. It is not much use to speak against them, however, as, if educated women can wear such garments and do not object to the revolting dirt on dress, stockings and under-clothing, it is improbable that reading a statement of the fact that they are lacking in true instincts of refinement will

have any effect upon them. And as long as they do it, their example will afford a place of shelter for women of a lower class, from whom, indeed, nothing better is to be expected.

The following extract from *Truth* is, however, of interest in connection with the subject:—

One day last week a friend of mine walked down Piccadilly behind a lady who was wearing a dress fitted with the long train now in vogue. Opposite St. James' Club she got into a cab. She consequently left behind her on the pavement all the rubbish which her skirt had collected as it swept down Piccadilly. My friend, being of a scientific turn, proceeded to make an inventory of the collection, and he has been good enough to send it to me for publication. I give it below. In the days when germs and microbes play such an important part in social life, I question very much whether these trains should be permitted by law. This lady left her street sweepings on the curbstone; but it must be remembered that many convey them into their own or their friends' houses:—

- 2 cigar ends.
- 9 cigarette do.
- A portion of a pork pie.
- 4 toothpicks.
- 2 hairpins.
- 1 stem of a clay pipe.
- 3 fragments of orange peel.
- 1 slice of cat's meat.
- Half the sole of a boot.
- 1 pipe of tobacco (chewed).

Straw, mud, scraps of paper, and miscellaneous street refuse, *ad lib.*

Another result of viewing the question of dress entirely from a conventional and unpractical point of view is, the extreme (and otherwise needless) fatigue of going about in clothes not adapted to or designed for locomotion. Nearly all the women one meets are in a chronic state of feeling "so dreadfully tired." This state is no more natural to women than to men. And the females of all other animals, though not so large or so strong as the males, are — unlike women — quite equal to the task of conveying their own bodies about with ease and comfort. So also are the women in those countries where a rational working dress is worn. But it is regrettable to notice how slowly but surely the ideal of apparent physical incapacity being admirable in women is carrying the day. This does not mean, be it noticed, that women are ceasing to work. Far from it; for the struggle for existence is certainly not lessening. It only means that, under

the pressure of public opinion, women have to do their work under artificially exhausting conditions, and in clothes that strongly tend to produce a variety of internal diseases. The amount of misery of all sorts that is directly traceable to irrational and unsuitable dress is appalling. But at present the world does not choose to recognize this, and once more the truth of the proverb "that there are none so blind as those who won't see" is brought home to us.

"They won't see." The men, because they have come to admire a truly ridiculous object which exists only to please them, and which, moreover, by force of contrast, seems to heighten and accentuate both their own self-respect and activity. The women, because they believe they can only look pretty and pleasing on certain hard and fast lines, and because a false theory of modesty has grown up in the world, which ordains that dresses made to clothe the legs separately are improper for women. This last theory, however, received a severe blow at the Rational Dress Society's bazaar held in London in 1891. There all the dresses were two-legged, and no one could call them in any way less modest than the ordinary skirts of daily life. Indeed, in many ways they were much more modest.

Half-hearted attempts at dress reform do little good. Indeed, except that they arrest the attention of women, they only do the cause harm. Adaptations of irrational dress can never be successful, though they may be less injurious or less dirty, according to the line they take. Mrs. Jenness Miller's might perhaps be classed under the first definition, and such small reforms as I myself am able to carry out (in the present bigoted state of public opinion) in the second. But both our efforts are, and will be, quite useless until an obviously two-legged dress of some sort is recognized to be — what it is in fact — the only suitable dress for a two-legged creature.

All adaptations invite comparison. The ordinary dress is complete in itself on its special lines, and is therefore harmonious. And if by general consent its injuriousness and general unsuitability are disregarded, it is perfect. The adaptations are never harmonious. They are not designed originally for their present purpose, nor exactly in their present form, and therefore are apt to confirm the ignorant and unthinking crowd in the idea that the only choice in

dress lies between beauty and complete discomfort on the one hand, or ugliness and mitigated discomfort on the other. Unfortunately for the progress of reform, a dress designed as it should be, on rational principles, though quite as pretty and by no means less becoming than the old style, looks quite different to that to which we are accustomed, and unless women will come forward more readily to bring about the change, it is likely to be postponed indefinitely, as it cannot possibly be done by a few scattered people working independently.

A large number of women know all these things perfectly well. They are intellectually convinced their method of dressing is wrong. But they excuse themselves from giving any assistance on the plea that any change in dress would be inartistic! The less these people talk about art the better. The fashion papers are the favorite reading of many of them, and there we see them in delighted contemplation of figures which, if measured to scale, vary from nine to twelve feet in height; and if traced so as to leave out the clothes, present a deformity so monstrous that it would surely repel even them. Some of the figures measure from throat to the upper part of the bust nearly twice the length of the head, including the piled-up hair; and in nearly all the throat and waist are the same size.

The majority of women are really as indifferent to art as they are to health and everything else in connection with dress. Their one and only desire is to be thought "smart," and to accomplish this they will sacrifice every earthly consideration, and never see the universal degradation of the whole sex which inevitably results.

This is not a cheering outlook for those interested in the progress of dress reform and the general position of women. But mankind has triumphed over as great difficulties in the onward march to civilization in the past, in having to overcome various forms of superstition and its inseparable companion, persecution, and therefore we need not despair. But whenever this reform is carried it will do more to benefit the human race than many that at present excite more enthusiasm. It is a positive truth that the very people most opposed to any reform are those who derive the most benefit from it when carried, and dress reform will be no exception to the rule.

F. W. HARBERTON.

II.

THE DRESS OF COLLEGE WOMEN FROM A COLLEGE
WOMAN'S OUTLOOK.

Clothes, as despicable as we think them, are so unspeakably significant. — *Sartor Resartus*.

Every woman, who has taken a four years' course in a college, where she has been associated with young men pursuing the same studies as herself, must have frequently had her attention forcibly called to the great inequality of conditions for scholarship existing between young men and young women, from the standpoint of dress.

Every one, who has observed and thought on the subject at all, will very readily see that the expenditure of physical and nervous strength in wearing the ordinary, distinctive dress of woman is great and must necessarily be greater than comes to men from the wearing of their dress.

Any woman, who has ever taken a masculine part in a play, will say that, on her return to her own dress, she was conscious of a distinct loss of ease and freedom of movement, and surely every woman who has ever camped out for a month or two in the woods in mountain costume, will bear witness that, when she donned her "civilized" attire once more, she felt its weight and inconvenience almost unendurable.

A woman's dress wastes her strength by reason of its weight, unevenly distributed over the body, and especially by weighing down the hips. Its length produces an imperceptible and constant friction on the instep and heels,—the equivalent to carrying a weight of many pounds, even during a short walk. The effort of the attention to keep the feet from tripping upon the skirts and to prevent the dress from catching on any and everything ready to catch it, to hold it in place in the wind, or rain, or mud, is a constant drain upon the nervous force and draws from the amount of strength which ought to be given to more important matters, and which a man student is not called upon to expend.

His head-gear is light and warm, adapted to the head, a protection to the eyes, easy to carry, easy to wear and easy to remove. The girl's head-gear has none of these characteristics.

The man student does not suffer from the danger to life

and limb that lies lurking in every woman's dress. The free use of her feet and legs is prevented by her long skirts. Every time she gets in or out of a carriage, every time she goes up or down stairs, she runs the risk of an accident; what ought to be a pleasant and graceful exercise, when done in an appropriate dress, becomes, by means of heavy and clinging skirts, an ungainly and unsightly movement of the entire body.

Neither does the man student endanger his health by his dress, through exposure to rain or snow. During a storm, he walks safely above the elements, as it were, free to carry his umbrella and his books, untrammelled by thoughts of wet ankles or bedraggled skirts.

The freedom of motion which the arms should have for using instruments and heavy dictionaries, for doing black-board work, and for reaching after any article above the head is denied the woman, who patiently wears and submissively follows the prevailing "styles" of dress for women, while trying to pursue a collegiate course of study. This dress constricts her ribs and the muscles of her waist, so that very few women are able to breathe in a normal way, and, although they easily exhale the breath, they do not take from the atmosphere what they need to purify their blood and exhilarate their nerves. What man could do his best work under such conditions.

The expense of her dress is an item of no small consideration to a college student; in its first cost, since it is almost impossible to find anything in the stores that wears well,—merchants seeming to think that women will buy any flimsy material so long as it is pretty,—and in the number of gowns this very flimsiness of material necessitates. The woman student must keep her wardrobe clean and in order, or hire it done. In the first case, that means the expenditure of her own time and strength. In the latter case, she must pay another for doing this work. Hence, the ordinary gowns, with long skirts, become very expensive articles to wear. Add to this the frequent renewals of braids and other accessories which such gowns necessitate and you have items of time and strength, thought and money that her fellow students are not compelled to put in their daily schedule of expenses, nor in the summing up of their yearly amount of expenditures.

Is it any wonder that some girls break down in health, under all this stress and strain? Is not the wonder rather that so many girls do go through college, excel in their studies and keep from becoming physical wrecks, fettered as they are by a dress so ill adapted to their needs? A comfortable, healthful, suitable dress brings incalculable relief in mental work, and often makes just the difference between breaking down in health, or being able to get through college.

Whether the college woman shall adopt the dignified and appropriate "cap and gown"—already worn in some colleges, notably the University of New York and Bryn Mawr College,—or whether she shall adopt a business suit, in which garniture shall be as much out of place as on a man's business suit, rests with her to decide for herself.

The crying need must bring the long-looked-for relief, and before many years are passed women in colleges ought to be healthfully, sensibly and artistically dressed. A grave responsibility weighs upon women who have received the higher education. They are the "first fruits" of the woman's movement. Upon them rests the great undertaking of helping college girls out of their bondage to clothes; upon them devolves the work of bringing good tidings of release to all women who have been "imprisoned for life" by their wearing apparel, and who are now beginning to feel the intolerable burden of their swaddling clothes; and upon them lies the duty of teaching women that, until they are free to use their muscles and until they are fully possessed of all their physical powers, they can never reach their highest development of body and mind and spirit. OCTAVIA W. BATES A. B.

III.

THE HUMAN DRESS.

A short time ago, I had occasion, as county lecturer of the Farmer's Alliance, to address a somewhat large audience—I and my friend being attired in "Rational Dress."

An old darkey woman, who was much interested in us and in our dress, inquired our names. When she was told, she said: "I've often heard of them leddies afore and am mighty glad to see 'em. In my 'pinion they looks more like *humans* than any of the other leddies round heah."

To our minds her compliment was the most gratifying that could have been paid us.

It is the right human dress that we want, but we are a long way from it. It is a question, even, whether men have arrived at the best human dress. In their evolution of dress, men have been guided only by motives of convenience, and though many now would impart beauty, both of form and color, to their dress, they find it as impossible to make any marked change in this direction as we do in the way of utility.

With women there has been, strictly speaking, no evolution in their dress, because no apparent leading or working, either conscious or unconscious, in any one direction; nothing but motiveless change, or shifting from one thing to another, induced by outside influences which are quite foreign and apart from the well-being of those upon whom these influences are brought to bear.

Under these conditions there can be no evolution.

I do not deny that there is some beauty in women's dress, especially as to color; but I do say that there has been no intelligent working out, on the women's part, of any idea of beauty. Whatever beauty there is in women's dress has been given to it by the chemist, the dyer and the manufacturer, given at random and taken away again at their pleasure. A beautiful color, for instance, or a relatively graceful design, given one year and adopted because "the fashion" is taken away the next year and a hideous one substituted, which, also, is as eagerly adopted because "the fashion."

Of beauty of form there is not the ghost of an idea, neither in the women who wear nor in those who manufacture, design, or make their dresses.

If women had adopted beauty as their aim in dress, and intelligently followed it, knowing what they wanted, the same as men adopted utility, understanding what they wanted, a very distinct progress might have been made in this one direction.

And if men had intelligently followed utility in their mode of dress, and women had intelligently followed beauty in their mode of dress, each following out a true, though one-sided, idea of what dress should be; and then had there been a free, natural interchange of views, feelings and wishes between the two halves of humanity—the perfect human dress might have been attained.

Humanity has ever to study nature, in the first instance, and then to improve upon it. There is no good reason why the human dress should not be somewhat similar for the two sexes, as there is similarity in the clothing nature has bestowed on the male and female of different species of animals.

Dress reformers may well despair, for I perceive that their hopes can never be fulfilled until they go, both in theory and practice, to the very root of the matter. Women must take their rightful place in the sphere of humanity. They must respect and reverence their own bodies and have their rightful sovereignty over them. They must know that the woman the same as the man, was created "in the image of God"; that God created man (the race of mankind) in His own image — "male and female created he *them*."

Then, when they have risen to their true dignity as human beings, they will no longer be satisfied to remain in the clothing of deformed infants. There must also be a radical difference in feeling. There is a false shame and an unwholesome pruriency connected with a woman's idea of her own person; and an equally false idea of shame (or so-called modesty) and a still more unwholesome pruriency in the man's feeling with regard to the woman's person. All these false and unwholesome feelings would subside and finally die out as men and women became clothed in a proper and suitable human dress. There would have arisen a similar unwholesome feeling with regard to a man's person, if it, like the woman's, had been partially hidden and partially naked.

It is useless to preach dress reform to women on the score of health. They do not believe what the doctors (that is some of them) say, or if they do believe, they do not care. The fashionable and conventional woman says: "We cannot adopt your dress, nor will any one, because it is so ugly." This may be true, for how can we find the beauty? Neither man's nor woman's dress can afford us any instruction as to beauty in dress. Still less can either help us to combine beauty with utility, which is what we require in the perfect human dress.

It is not that we dress reformers are deficient in love of, or desire for beauty; but that the sense of it is so much higher and so much stronger in us, than in the minds of the generality of nineteenth-century men and women, that we

cannot accept the deformity with which they are content, because their eyes are accustomed to it and because it is overlaid with beautiful color. We appreciate too highly the splendor of human beauty in all its grandeur, dignity and purity, to tolerate any longer the defaced and tortured objects thrust before us in lieu of the full, free and healthy development of the human form divine.

I am asked to state how the movement for dress reform is progressing in England. I can only say this—that the “divided skirt,” invented and named by the Viscountess Harberton some fifteen years ago, has undoubtedly been worn largely as a substitute for the innumerable overlappings of underwear with which women had before been accustomed to load themselves.

Lady Harberton is thoroughgoing in opinion, as to the radical change required in woman’s dress and outspoken in her expression of opinion, working persistently for reform through the Rational Dress Society. She believes that dress reform must begin by giving liberty to the legs, and that then the lungs and chest will liberate themselves; or, to quote myself: “It is because women have crippled their legs that they have crippled their lungs.”

How far the adoption of the “divided skirt” will help us to the right human dress it is hard to say, but I suppose in this, as in all other reforms, we must work away from whichever end we can first catch hold of.

E. M. KING.

IV.

ON WOMAN’S DRESS.—MOSTLY AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL.

I was a well-grown, healthy girl of nearly fourteen, before I went into the permanent thraldom of long skirts. Until that age we had lived principally in the country, where I had enjoyed the freedom of the woods and fields, and indulged a passion for horseback riding, in which exercise, untrammelled by a cumbrous riding dress, I gained exceptional skill. I had a fearless, free foot and a “level head” for climbing rocks and trees. I was a tireless “bushwhacker” in search of wild flowers and berries and nuts, in spring, summer and autumn, while in winter I was a slider, skater, and snowballer, worthy of a better fate than the feminine. But when

we moved into the city, I "put away childish things," and put on long skirts. How they hampered, "cribbed and confined" me at first! How they tripped and entangled my wayward feet!

In pleasant weather I often had unchastened longings to run and jump and climb, and in stormy weather I lamented and execrated my bedraggled condition; but I tried to console myself with my added dignity of incipient young ladyhood. Besides, there were about us no wild flowers or berries, no hills to scale, not even trees to climb, unless I was ambitious to measure agility with the disgusting "measuring worm." But I was still, in spite of the drawback of elongated gown and petticoat, singularly lithe and active, and took pride in certain startling gymnastic exploits. Indeed, had I kept on, I am confident that I could have made a daring trapeze performer, or a brilliant contortionist. But all ambition for an athletic career had to give way when I entered on the second stage of my thralldom, the wearing of corsets.

I had long importuned my mother for permission to don this fatal article of womanly attire, and she had always said I was too young, though I was taller than she and twice as "forth-putting." She had her doubts, for she was a sensible woman, about corsets being a hygienic institution; but at last, knowing my unconquerable aversion to any sort of difficult work with scissors and needle, she consented to my having a pair, "on condition," she said, "that you cut out and make, wholly without assistance, your own strait-jacket, and that your work be as neat and elegant as your model."

Now my model, belonging to a fashionable relative, was an elaborate work of art, one mass of fine cording and delicate stitching, in colored silk. In those days corsets were made stiff by cords and stitching, with one thin strip of oak, called a "busk," in front. They were laced behind, were guiltless of steels and mostly of whalebones; but you could lace yourself, perhaps, tighter, for all that. I sighed as I regarded that hopeless model, but my mother smiled, as foreseeing my defeat. That smile stung me. She little knew what inspiration there could be in the idea of a wasp waist. I copied that pair of corsets with absolute Chinese exactness, though with woful waste of good material in the cutting out. I was enthusiastic over my difficult task, neglecting for it study, play, exercise, never realizing that, while I was run-

ning those cords into the linen, I was preparing to cord up my trunk in a way to leave no room for vital expansion, that every stitch of that elaborate outward ornamentation would be repeated inwardly by a "stitch in the side."

I finished the pretty, barbarous thing, and I wore it. It hurt me, but I gave no sign. I continued to grow, but unequally. I had, finally, sideaches and palpitations of the heart. I went to sleep exhausted and woke up tired; but I had lost my country color and shape, and was pale and poetic, and "so willowy." I took to writing elegiac poetry, in consequence, perhaps, of a "churchyard cough." In school, it was noticed, I grew a little round-shouldered over my desk, in spite of the support of my "busk"; but my slenderness was admired. No girl in the physiology class had so small a waist. The "chunky" corsetless girls measured it with envy. I had occasional fainting fits, which rendered me interesting. For these and that ugly pain in the side, the cough and palpitations, physicians were called in. If they *thought* corsets, they did not mention them. Doctors were delicate in those days. Not knowing what to do, they bled me.

From the weakness consequent on too much vital compression, and too little free, open-air exercise, I took cold easily; had bronchitis, pneumonia, and various ills of the sort till, even before my own people realized it, I, who had been a singularly healthy child, had grown into a slender, nervous girl, with unreliable lungs, a mutinous stomach, a lazy liver, a skittish heart. How, thus handicapped, I have been able to accomplish so much of my life-race—running the gauntlet between doctors and diseases—I can scarcely understand, except that I was, in the beginning, of good blood, with no end of spirit and staying power. But I ought to have carried less weight.

I honestly believe that many of the illnesses and hindrances of my life can be traced back to my first corset, perversely followed by many of its kind—*inventions* inspired primarily by some woman-hating demon. He lives still, this master of the fine art of fashionable torture, and dressmakers, male and female, are in league with him.

A few years ago, when the Empire style of gowns came in and long corsages and corsets were discarded, and lungs, stomach, heart, and liver seemed about to be emancipated, how the evil forces of fashion rallied, restoring the long waist

and pushing the cruel bands, the steels and whalebones down, down! Since that brief period of hope, I have despaired of beholding in the nineteenth century and in America, a healthy, free, classically symmetrical young womanhood.

It is not so much better in England as most people think. When in London, a few years ago, I heard that our Philadelphia Quaker doctor, Mrs. Longshore Potts, had announced a course of physiological lectures to women, and was ready to give medical advice. I said, "Surely, she will have few to hear her, and fewer still to need her skilful treatments; Doctors Long-shore Walks and Lawn Tennis are before her, with these splendid English women." But, to my surprise, her lecture hall was always filled, and her office thronged with those most patient of patients, women who suffer from maladies peculiar to their sex, diseases which result in lifelong martyrdoms, or in mysterious early takings-off. Delicacy, excessive and morbid, had sealed the lips of those sufferers till there came hope of help through the hand of a skilled and sympathetic woman.

As English ladies of condition take much exercise, live in cool, airy rooms, and are reasonably careful of their diet, it was borne in upon me that those functional derangements must result from errors in dress. In that climate, heavy cloth, tweed or serge, gowns, tailor-made, were then much worn, the skirt, long and full but tightly drawn back, forbidding freedom of motion; the stomach ruthlessly jammed down by the long, tight corsage; while corsets, or rather stays,—the real old-fashioned, rigid, uncompromising British stays—were *de rigueur* for most of the day, always for evening dress.

I have heard wonder expressed over reports of the ill-health of the daughters of the Prince and Princess of Wales, by those who read of their faithful physical training, their regular and severe exercises—riding, walking, rowing, and gymnastics—a certain amount inexorably demanded at Sandringham, on the seashore or in the Highlands; the young princesses clad in short, light skirts, loose blouses, and thick shoes. Perhaps the explanation of the late attacks of rheumatism and *anemia* lies in the fact that for dinner the tired girls are braced up with stays, drawn tight to facilitate digestion, and that their corsages are cut low, whatever the season or weather, and fitting close and wrinkleless over the slenderest waists in the kingdom.

What can be done? Little, I fear, until women of the world (the better class) unite, and combine with women of intellectual power and commanding reputation, as authors, artists, scholars, physiologists, and humanitarians, and quietly inaugurate a reform in woman's dress—for the emancipation of our sex and the salvation of the race. Here and there noble women have done much—Lady Harberton in the divided skirt, and Mrs. Jenness Miller in her lovely æsthetic costumes. Yet when Mrs. Jenness Miller appears in society, moving serene and symmetrical, in one of her exquisite costumes, it is as likely to beget discouragement as emulation, being something so peculiar and individual as only to seem fitted to her graceful figure, style and movement. Still, her pretty inventions, though not suitable for all women, are hopeful new departures. Her charming gowns do not cramp the chest, or impound the heart, or trespass on the stomach. They begin well, but, I think, keep on too long. A little more brevity of skirts, dear madam! even at some sacrifice of æsthetic effect.

I hope that within the new century, at latest, a reformed, easy, sensible, unburdensome, unshackling dress for women may come in, and come to stay; and I believe that before the new century is old, French and American corsets and English stays will be forgotten barbarisms, only to be found in museums, classed with "ancient instruments of torture."

GRACE GREENWOOD.

THE NEXT FORWARD STEP FOR WOMEN; OR, THOUGHTS ON THE MOVEMENT FOR RATIONAL DRESS.

BY B. O. FLOWER.

THE present age is richer in promise and fruition for womanhood than any previous cycle. While science has been unlocking the silent chambers of nature, and bringing to light a world's story of life and evolution; while invention has been knitting nations and races into one great family, and establishing means by which our earth may be transformed into an Eden as soon as the savagery of man's passion and the selfishness of his instinct are subdued; while civilization has in ten thousand ways been making greater the possibilities of life's attainments and joys, woman in Europe and America has been slowly awaking to her rightful estate. Not as the silent subordinate of man, but as his free, open-souled, clear-sighted companion and equal. And what a world has opened before her wondering gaze! What marvellous progress has marked her onward march!

A few generations ago he who had the temerity to even tentatively put forth the right of woman to enter upon any of the hundreds of walks which to-day she treads with honor and distinction, courted social ostracism and raised a storm of indignation in which one heard much about social and moral disorganization of society, the degradation of womanhood, the destruction of the home, and the righteous wrath of God which would follow those who so lightly treated the solemn admonitions of His servant Paul.

Now those days are memories only of a well-meaning but dim-visioned past, and womanhood has successfully, step by step, passed into the van of civilization's onward moving column. That which was forbidden yesterday is grudgingly granted to-day, while on the morrow even conventionalism tries to forget that she ever opposed the just demand. And so to-day, as I study unfolding womanhood, only beginning as yet to appreciate the splendid possibilities that lie before her, I am thrilled with an exultant hope. In her progress, and in the dawning consciousness of her power and her rights, I see the prophecy of a higher and purer civilization. The day-star of reason and sober judgment is breaking upon her vision; she is ceasing to be a mere

echo of husband, father, and brother, or a reflex of conventional thought. She is no longer swayed solely by sentiment. She is now asking herself, when questions arise which relate to her, and about which she has never seriously thought before, *Is it right, is it just, is it in accordance with common sense?* The dead past, over whose mound she has so long knelt, no longer holds her in thrall. The impulse of a new life, strong as the voice of spring to budding trees and springing flowers, is urging her forward. Not the least among the questions which are pressing upon the thought of our leading women is that of rational dress, and it is upon this subject I wish to add a word to the able presentation given in our symposium.

In the logic of recent events and the trend of multitudinous potent agencies now at work, I see the prophecy of an early triumph of sober reason and common sense in the question of woman's dress, over a conventionalism deep-rooted in the soil of ancient Orientalism, and springing from the old-time barbaric idea that woman was inferior to man. Indeed, the prospect for positive and sensible reform in the dress of women was never half so bright as to-day; and I believe there are forces at work which will bring about, at a far earlier day than most persons imagine, as great a revolution in public sentiment as that which overcame conventionalism in regard to the sphere of woman. I think it is fair to say the battle for woman's emancipation from the tyranny of absurd, health-destroying, and grotesque fashions is more than half fought.

Many persons are disposed to regard this problem as insignificant, when, in point of fact, it is most intimately connected with the onward march of true civilization. (1) Its triumph means a higher standard of health for woman and a healthier childhood. Upon this point there is such unanimity of opinion among thoughtful physicians and anatomists that it is no longer a disputed point. (2) So long as woman's dress is cumbersome and uncomfortable, or while it presses dangerously upon any part of the vital organism, the soul will be chained to the body, the mind will be held in thrall, and the higher or truer self will no more be able to expand to the full extent of its possibilities than a flower could unfold in the glory of mature perfection whose roots were encased in walls far too narrow for its needs. This thought bears directly on the ethical or higher development of life, and will, with each succeeding year, grow in impressiveness upon thoughtful minds. (3) The triumph of common sense and reason over an effete conventionality, the caprice of fashion, and the cupidity of man will wonderfully aid woman in attaining the plane to which absolute and impartial justice must and will eventually assign her. Women who visit the Oriental lands soon

become impressed with the force of public sentiment which compels their sisters who bask in Mohammedan civilization to veil their faces. Why? Because man has made it indecent, immoral, and scandalous for woman to expose her face before the gaze of the lords of creation. And this spectacle necessarily suggests thoughts to the active mind of the woman who, tiring of holding up her heavy skirt, chances to let it drop for a few moments only to have its lower edges laden with the filth of the street. She very naturally asks herself, What is there in the *face* of the *Turkish woman* which is more immoral, indecent, or dangerous to behold than in the face of her husband or brother? And then, turning from the civilization of the Orient to the civilization of the Occident, she wonders what there is about *her form* so much *more indecent, unsightly, or immodest than man's*. What is there so immoral about her form that she should, for generation upon generation, be condemned to sacrifice health and be weighed down and hampered by garments which conformed to conventional requirements only in that they encased the body and impeded free motion? *What is the language of the skirt if it is not the badge of woman's inferiority, bequeathed from a barbarous past?* and this reminds me of a paragraph in a letter from the able chairman of the Dress Reform Committee of the National Council. "What," she asks, "is the language of the skirt?" For answer there comes to my mind the reply of the Arab guide in Egypt to Mrs. Lucinda Stone, when she asked him why his wife, like all Egyptian women, wore the veil hanging just below her eyes to conceal her face, "*She 'shamed 'cause she woman,*" promptly replied the Oriental. Now, it is doubtful if even the rapidly increasing army of women who are demanding radical improvement in women's dress appreciate the full measure of benefit which will follow its introduction in aiding woman to the plane of equality with men which intelligence, justice, and pure love demand for her.

I now wish, very briefly, to state a few reasons which lead me to believe that the triumph of this reform is near at hand. (1) The preliminary skirmishing is over. The battle, which has for a generation raged around some of the noblest and most farsighted souls of our century, has spent its fury. Ridicule and caricature, prudery and conventionalism, the greed of the fashion-makers and the confederated interests which fatten on woman's folly, have done their worst. Reason, the all-conquering, the master spirit, the ultimate victor, is asserting herself. The small, still voice crying in the wilderness has broadened and swelled into the fearless demand of millions of our best thinkers, and the forces are ever augmenting in strength. It is always thus; the pioneers and prophets are socially ostracized, ridiculed, and

treated with scornful contempt by the unthinking. But they stir the placid waters; they awaken reason, and the tiny circle grows broader and broader until it encompasses the great majority. (2) The ascendancy of reason over conventional ideas will be appreciated when we note the high social position and the intimate relation to conservative thought which many noble women occupy who have raised a positive protest against the slavery of fashion. This is well illustrated in the simple appeal for

We whose names are signed below concur to give our influence in favor of an improvement in women's dress which will allow her the free and healthful use of the organs of her body when working or taking exercise. In signing this paper no one of us becomes responsible for the suggestions of any one else, nor do we promise to wear or to endorse any particular style of dress. We simply give our influence to help start a strong and healthy movement in favor of freedom and common sense in dress, leaving ourselves free to work for it as we see best to each one.

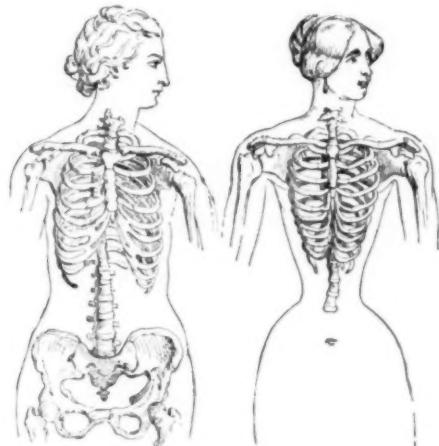
Names

Residues.

May Wright Sewall	Indianapolis
Gabelsberger et.	England.
Frederick Douglass	Evanston, Ill.
Clara Barton	Washington D. C.
Henry Beecher	Hartford
Grace Greenwood	Conn.
Mr. Frank Ward Beecher	Washington D. C.
Lydia Street Phelps Ward	40 Orange St., Brooklyn
	Boston Highlands, Mass.

"freedom and common sense" in dress, which we reproduce, bearing the autographs of Mrs. Sewall, the president of the National Council of Women, Lady Isabel Somerset, Miss Willard,

Clara Barton, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Grace Greenwood, Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher, and Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward.* (3) The action of so influential a body as the National Council of Women of the United States, composed largely of the chosen spirits of our age, is most important, not only because in organization and concerted action lies strength, but the moral support



Anterior view of thorax
in the Venus of Medici.

The same in a fashionable
corset-wearing lady of
to-day.

given the movement by the action of this great organization, in appointing a committee to push the work, has given the reform a new and powerful impetus. (4) Another important factor is found in the growing attention given in our schools and colleges

* Many other eminent names have been recently added to this paper, among which are Mary A. Livermore, Charlotte Emerson Brown, Alice Freeman Palmer, Lucia M. Peabody, Caroline E. Hastings, M. D., Sarah Hackett Stevenson, M. D., Celia P. Woolley, S. C. Lloyd Jones, Eliza Sproat Turner, Rachel Foster Avery, Lilian M. N. Stevens, Arilla Furber, Sara G. Farwell, Abby Morton Diaz, Mary Grew, Helen Campbell, Marian Talbott, Emily Talbot, Susan B. Anthony, Lucy Stone, Alice Stone Blackwell, Caroline M. Severance, Marian C. Waterman, Dorothea Lumis, M. D., Milla Francis Tupper, Margaret Collier Graham, Mary Putnam Jacobi, M. D., Anne Whitney, Ella Dietz Clymer, Alida Avery, M. D., Helen H. Gardener, Isabel C. Barrows, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Mary Thorne Lewis Gannett, Clara B. Colby, Margaret E. Sangster, Kate J. Jackson, M. D., Emma Winner Rogers, Mary A. Woodbridge, Esther Pugh, Anna Gordon, Sarah F. Judson, Kate Tupper Galpin, Aurilla Furber, Sara G. Farwell, Abba Goold Woolson, Susan Burritt Bangs, Frances A. Shaw, Clara V. Shaw, Marian Shaw, Charlotte Perkins, Adeline E. Knapp, Carolyn Faville Ober, Mary Knauf, M. D., Mary L. McGimley, Sarah B. Stearns, Minnie L. Hurlbut, M. D., Elizabeth Smith Miller, Susan Look Avery, Lydia Avery Coonley, Harriet Taylor Upton, Gertrude Avery Shanklin, Helen Avery Robinson, Fanny B. Johnson, Hannah J. Hurd, Helen D. Gregory, Ellen B. Currier, Elinor F. Edwards, Martha A. Curry, M. E. Dickinson, M. D., M. C. Morton, Elizabeth Fear, M. D., Clara Conway, Martha A. Dorsett, Kate Buffington Davis, Martha G. Ripley, M. D., and Mrs. T. B. Walker.

to the proper and healthful development of the body. The classes for physical culture and the gymnasiums springing up in all our towns and cities, are teaching our young ladies what their mothers never knew; viz., the serious effects incident to deforming the body and impairing the action of vital functions. Moreover, the garments worn in physical culture classes and gymnasiums have shown women the immense gain in comfort and health offered by a rational dress over the ever-changing vagaries of fashion.

(5) Another very potent aid in educating women in the right way comes from popular out-of-door sports and pastimes. The seaside and mountain resorts have aided wonderfully in breaking the spell of conventionalism. Then the great and growing popularity of the bicycle with women is another factor not to be overlooked. A few years ago the spectacle of a woman on a bicycle brought a flush of indignation to the face of the average matron; to-day thousands of ladies in our great cities are enjoying this health-giving exercise, and even the universally loved and respected president of the Women's Christian Temperance Union chose a safety bicycle in preference to an outing at a resort distant from her charming home. The one drawback to woman's ease and comfort on the wheel is the long skirt. The bicycle is one of the many agencies acting for reform.

Then, again, there are a thousand subtle influences which are silently lifting women out of the ruts of fossilized folly. The whole course of events has set strongly in favor of her exercising common sense and reason in dress, as the exigencies of civilization and the development of women a few decades ago caused her to defy conventionality and enter a hundred walks of life which were tabooed by conservatism as being beyond her "sphere." Even the hackneyed objections which have long been urged in lieu of argument against right and justice for women no longer carry force; and some of them, in view of recent happenings, are positively absurd. I read a few evenings ago an essay written originally for an American review, but now compiled in a work on social subjects. The essay was entitled "The Real Rights of Woman," and was from the pen of Rose Terry Cooke. It might well have been written several decades ago, when the real battle for a larger life for woman was being fought. In it the author says: "However eager and voluble the clamor to be placed on an equality with men, the laws of nature laugh at such a reasonless demand; and," she continues, "could a woman do what Stanley has done?" as if that question closed the argument for all time. Now, in the light of recent events, even this question, which was hurled forth as if it settled the case in favor of conservatism, has found an affirmative answer, and the position of

the advocate for the *dilettante* is made ridiculous. As a matter of fact, Mrs. M. French-Sheldon has accomplished something in the way of African exploration in many respects more remarkable than the achievements of Mr. Stanley. She penetrated the wilds of Africa as far as the summit of Kilimanjaro without a single white man or woman in her caravan. Surrounded entirely by natives, she made this daring trip; nay more, she visited hostile tribes and was hospitably entertained. Of her retinue of one hundred and thirty-seven natives, she lost only one person, and he was slain by a lion. She went not as a belligerent, and her reception was a revelation to the sterner sex. Again, in the achievements of Miss Dowie among the Karpathians, we have another interesting and striking illustration of the ability and ease with which a woman may, if her bent so leads her, travel and explore unfrequented and remote corners of the earth unescorted by friend or any companionable person. It is true Miss Dowie had the good sense to adopt the garb of a peasant boy before exploring the little-known land; but, after discarding skirts, she experienced no difficulty or inconvenience in making her unique and daring adventure. In the light of these illustrations, Mrs. Cooke's hysterical observation, "However eager and voluble the clamor to be placed on an equality with men, the laws of nature laugh at such a reasonless demand. Could a woman do what Stanley has done?" is amusing to say the least. But these attainments have a far wider and more important significance; *they show how naturally and easily woman is moving into the larger life, and how, as exigencies require, she braves fashion and conventionality without the sacrifice of one iota of her modesty, refinement, or moral worth.* The rapidly broadening sphere of woman, the logic of events, and the ascend-



MISS DOWIE
in the costume she wore "Among
the Karpathians."

ency of reason over conventionality, which grows more marked each day, all point unmistakably to the early adoption of a more healthful, rational, and comfortable dress for woman. Add to this the wonderful power of organization, and I do not believe the result will be problematical.

But in this connection I would urge all thoughtful women who desire progress along these lines to correspond with the able chairman of the dress reform committee* of the National Council of Women. In this way they will be brought in perfect touch with thousands of other women who are now interested in the work. They will also be able to find out the names of those in their own town or city who are ready to adopt the style of dress settled upon by the National Committee.

Another point which impresses me as being especially valuable is the suggestion made by Alice Stone Blackwell, which has already appeared in *THE ARENA*;[†] but owing to its importance and the direct bearing upon a victorious movement, I reprint below:—



THE SYRIAN DRESS.

This dress is recommended by the Rational Dress Society of London. It is a costume adopted from the Orient, and is said by those who have worn it to be "at once graceful and delightfully comfortable." The organ of the Rational Dress Society states that "It is perfectly easy to make, being the simplest form of skirt ever introduced. Of course the fact that the skirt is dual is obvious."

Every woman could materially lighten her labor by adopting for house-wear a gymnastic dress such as is worn in our best gymnasiums.

* Mrs. Frances E. Russell, P. O. Box 390, St. Paul, Minn.

[†] See Mrs. Russell's "Brief Survey of the American Dress Reform Movements of the Past," *ARENA*, August, 1892.

If it were necessary to go to the door, a long apron, which could be slipped on in a moment, would hide all peculiarities.

Mrs. Celia B. Whitehead and others have suggested that an entering wedge for dress reform might be found in this plan, and it seems to me the most practical idea yet proposed. In the first place, it would give women a realizing sense of the immense increase of ease, comfort, and convenience to be obtained by the change. Most women, even those who theoretically believe in dress reform, do not fully appreciate how great the difference would be, because they have never had practical experience of it.

Once let a sufficient number of women realize by experience the advantages of dress reform, and they will find some way to bring it into fashion for outdoor as well as indoor use. A second advantage would be that men, seeing their wives wearing a gymnastic dress during their working hours, would get accustomed to the costume, and would no longer be struck by it as something hideous and *outre*. For where a style of dress is concerned, *everything lies in being accustomed to it*. When prodigious hoops were the fashion, every woman looked odd and "dowdy" who did not wear one. It has been so with every style in turn, even those which now seem to us most absurd. The eye of a semi-



GYMNASIUM AND EXERCISE DRESS.*

* The drawing for this picture is made from the model of the Jenness Miller exercise dress. It is "designed with reference to every form of physical exercise." The description of this costume as given by Mrs. Miller is as follows: "The full skirts are divided to give freedom of movement and protection, whether working with or without apparatus. These skirts and the loose waist are made in one piece, with a foundation waist underneath to save bands, and also to keep any part from getting out of order during

occasional thinker or artist was offended by them; but to the eye of the general public, both men and women, they looked all right; and not only that, but any conspicuous deviation from them looked all wrong. Whenever the reformed dress becomes customary, it will seem perfectly correct; and one may hope that from the house its use will gradually spread to the street.



JENNESS MILLER COSTUME,
for mountain climbing.

If all women in favor of dress reform would adopt a gymnasium costume, for example, like the admirable design of Mrs. Jenness Miller, which our artist gives in this paper, or, if they prefer, the Syrian costume, for their homes, it would be of incalculable benefit to the movement. For housewear, the Jenness Miller gymnasium dress, made of some soft material, would be admirable, as in the event of the arrival of conventional company, a tea gown or wrapper could be instantly slipped on.

I have no doubts as to ultimate victory of this great movement for rational dress. The agencies working for its success will prove irresistible. The only question is, How soon can the reformation be accomplished?

In behalf of art, grace, and beauty, which have been so remorselessly outraged by fashion during the past generation; in behalf of that comfort of body and physical development which are

absolutely essential to the proper unfoldment of the soul life; and in behalf of the physical life and health of the rising generation of womankind, as well as the race of the future, let the marching orders be given, and let no retrograde step be taken.

exercise. Every detail of the costume is adjusted to give thorough muscular freedom. The shoes worn are soft and flexible, and without heels, to admit perfect poise of the body as nature intended. *It will be seen that this costume is not only perfectly adapted to its purpose, but it is also most GRACEFUL AND ATTRACTIVE.* Cashmere, lightweight, silken-finished flannel pongee, India silk, or serge may be suitably used."

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

A SPOIL OF OFFICE.*

IN "Main-Travelled Roads" we see Mr. Garland at his best as a short story writer. In "A Spoil of Office" we are enabled to form something like a fair estimate of his power as a novelist. His previous long stories, "Jason Edwards" and "A Member of the Third House," were rather novelettes than novels, and it is on this new work that the critic will judge Hamlin Garland as a novelist. Those who revel in intricate plots or blood-curdling scenes will find no interest in this story, which is the history of the life of a Western boy, Bradley Talcott. It might be separated into four major divisions: The farmer boy; In school; In state politics; In national politics. The strength of the work lies chiefly in the marvellous fidelity with which life is portrayed, and the wonderful power of description of scenes in Western life and in national politics. Mr. Garland has lived much of the life pictured in the early chapters of this work; and in order to be absolutely true in his portrayals, he personally visited and studied life at the Capitol in Des Moines, Ia., also the scenes of the great meetings of the farmers in Kansas. He furthermore spent some months in Washington, making a close study of Congress; hence for this work it can be justly claimed that it is a faithful pen-picture of life as it is mirrored forth on the Western farm, in school and in state capitols, as well as in our National Congress,—life as it would be seen from the standpoint of Bradley Talcott.

It perhaps would not be an exaggeration to claim that "A Spoil of Office" is the greatest story of life in the Northwest that has ever been written, and the most faithful picture of conditions as they exist in this section which has yet appeared in American literature. As examples of Mr. Garland's descriptive power, of his sense of humor and of his intimate knowledge and sympathy with the life he portrays, I give a few extracts from the first chapters of the novel. The story opens as follows:

Early in the cool hush of a June morning in the seventies, a curious vehicle left Farmer Councill's door, loaded with a merry group of young people. It was a huge omnibus, constructed out of a heavy farm wagon and a hay rack, and was drawn by six horses. The driver was Councill's hired man, Bradley Talcott. Councill himself held between his vast knees the staff of a mighty flag in which they all took immense pride. The girls of the Grange had made it for the day.

Laughter, and scraps of song, and rude witticisms made the huge wagon a bouquet of smiling faces. Everybody laughed except Bradley, who sat with intent eyes and steady lips, his sinewy brown hand holding the excited horses in place. This intentness and self-mas'ery lent a sort of majesty to his rough-hewn face.

* "A Spoil of Office"; pp. 392; paper, 50 cents; cloth, \$1.00. Cloth edition contains fine new portrait of Mr. Garland. ARENA PUBLISHING CO., Copley Sq., Boston, Mass.

"Let 'em out a little, Brad," said Councill. "We're a little late."

Behind them came teams, before them were teams, along every lane of the beautiful upland prairie teams were rolling rapidly, all toward the south. The day was perfect summer; it made the heart of reticent Bradley Talcott ache with the beauty of it every time his thoughts went up to the blue sky. The larks, and bobolinks, and redwings made every meadow riotous with song, and the ever-alert kingbirds and flickers flew along from post to post, as if to have a part in the celebration.

On every side stretched fields of wheat, green as emerald and soft as velvet. Some of it was high enough already to ripple in the soft winds. The cornfields showed their yellow-green rows of timid shoots, and cattle on the pastures luxuriated in the fullness of the June grass; the whole land was at its fairest and liberalest, and it seemed peculiarly fitting that the farmers should go on a picnic this day of all days.

At the Grange picnic Bradley Talcott, who is an unlettered hired hand of Farmer Councill, finds himself spellbound by the eloquence of Ida Wilbur, a young lady lecturer of the Grange. This scene and the thoughts welling up in the heart of this magnificent type of the thoughtful American girl, are thus described:—

Her great brown eyes glowed as she spoke, and her lifted head thrilled those who sat near enough to see the emotion that was in the lines of her face. The sun struck through the trees, that swayed in masses overhead, dappling the upturned faces with light and shade. The leaves, under the tread of the wind, rustled softly, and the soaring hawk looked down curiously as he drifted above the grove, like a flock of cloud.

On Bradley, standing there alone, there fell something mysterious, like a light. Something whiter and more penetrating than the sunlight. As he listened, something stirred within him,—a vast longing, a hopeless ambition, nameless as it was strange. His bronzed face paled, and he breathed heavily. His eyes absorbed every detail of the girl's face and figure. There was wonder in his eyes at her girlish face, and something like awe at her powerful diction and her impersonal emotion. She stood there like an incarnation of the great dream-world that lay beyond his horizon—the world of poets and singers in the far realms of light and luxury.

"I have a dream of what is coming," she said in conclusion, and her voice had a prophetic ring. "I see a time when the farmer will not need to live in a cabin on a lonely farm. I see the farmers coming together in groups. I see them with time to read, and time to visit with their fellows. I see them enjoying lectures in beautiful halls, erected in every village. I see them gather, like the Saxons of old, upon the green at evening to sing and dance. I see cities rising near them with schools, and churches, and concert halls, and theatres. I see a day when the farmer will no longer be a drudge and his wife a bond slave, but happy men and women who will go singing to their pleasant tasks upon their fruitful farms." The audience did not cheer; it sat as if in church. The girl seemed to be speaking prophecy.

"When the boys and girls will not go West nor to the city; when life will be worth living. In that day the moon will be brighter and the stars more glad, and pleasure, and poetry, and love of life come back to the man who tills the soil."

Ida Wilbur occupies a prominent place in the story, which is the life tale of an honest Western boy; honest in the sternest sense of the word, and typically Western. Ida is described by the author entirely from Bradley's point of view; but as she appears we see she also is a faithful type. Indeed, there are to-day scores of Ida Wilburs in the great growing West; brilliant, thoughtful, brave, and determined women, whose stern integrity, high moral conviction, and loyalty to duty are an inspiration in an hour when veniality is rampant. If it were not for the power now being wielded in public life by such magnificent workers for

justice and right as Mrs. Livermore, Miss Willard, Mrs. Lease, Mrs. Diggs, Mrs. Vickery, Eva McDonald-Valesh, Mrs. McCormick, and scores of other thoughtful women, I should have small hope for the emancipation of our Republic from the grasp of plutocracy and rumocracy. The image of Ida Wilbur dwells in the chamber of Bradley's soul and becomes a potent ideal, leading him upward and onward. All through the long summer and the glorious autumn her words and the witchery of her voice haunted him. In November the great resolve, which had been forming in the boy's mind since the beautiful day in June when he first saw Ida, took shape. It was in the cornfield, on a bleak morning, that Bradley determined to go to school and secure an education. Here is a touch of Mr. Garland's power of description :—

Bradley smiled back at him in his wordless way, and caught hold of the first ear. It sent a shiver of pain through him. His fingers, worn to the quick, protruded from his stiff, ragged gloves, and the motions of clasping and stripping the ear were like the rasp of a file on a naked nerve. He shivered and swore, but his oath was like a groan.

The horses, humped and shivering, looked black and fuzzy, by reason of their erected hair. They tore at the corn-stalks hungrily. Their tails streamed sideways with the force of the wind, which had a wild and lonesome sound, as it swept across the sear stretches of the corn. The stalks towered far above the heads of the huskers, but did little to temper the onslaught of the blast.

Occasional flocks of geese drift by in the grasp of the inexorable gale, their necks out-thrust as if they had already caught the gleam of their warm southern lagoons. Clouds of ducks, more adventurous, were seen in irregular flight, rising and falling from the lonely fields with wild clapping of wings. Only the sparrows seemed indifferent to the cold.

There was immensity in the dome of the unbroken, seamless, gray, threatening sky. There was majesty in the dim plain, across which the morning light slowly fell. The plain, with its dark blue groves, from which thin lines of smoke rose and hastened away, and majesty in the wind that came from the illimitable and desolate north. But the lonely huskers had no time to feel, much less to think, upon these things.

In school he meets with those bitter humiliations which all country boys are forced to undergo who go from home to the city schools or to colleges. Of his first morning in the Rock River Seminary Mr. Garland draws a painfully vivid picture, of which the following extract will give the reader a fair idea :—

He knew no one, of course, and the long, narrow room was filled with riotous boys and girls, all much younger than himself. All the desks seemed to be occupied, and he was obliged to run the gauntlet of the entire class in his search for a seat. As he walked down the room, so close to the wall that he brushed the chalk of the blackboard off upon his shoulder, he made a really ludicrous figure. All of his fine, unconscious grace was gone, and his strength of limb only added to his awkwardness.

The girls were of that age where they find the keenest delight in annoying a bashful fellow, such as they perceived this new-comer to be. His hair had been badly barbered by Councill, and his suit of cotton diagonal, originally too small and never a fit, was now yellow on the shoulders where the sun had faded the analine dye, and his trousers were so tight that they clung to the tops of his great boots, exposing his huge feet in all their enormity of shapeless housing. His large hands protruded from his sleeves, and were made still more noticeable by his evident loss of their control.

"Picked too soon," said Nettie Russell, with a vacant stare into space, whereat the rest shrieked with laughter. A great hot wave of blood rushed up over Bradley, making him dizzy. He knew that joke all too well. He looked around blindly for a seat.

As he stood there, helpless, Nettie hit him with a piece of chalk, and some one threw the eraser at his boots.

"Number twelves," said young Brown.

"When did it get loose?"

"Does your mother know you're out?"

"Put your hat over it," came from all sides.

He saw an empty chair and started to sit down, but Nettie slipped into it before him. He started for her seat, and her brother Claude got there, apparently by mere accident, just before him. Bradley stood again indecisively, not daring to look up, burning with rage and shame. Again some one hit him with a piece of chalk, making a resounding whack, and the entire class roared again in concert.

"Why, its head is *wood*!" said Claude, in apparent astonishment at his own discovery.

Bradley raised his head for the first time. There came into his eyes a look that made Claude Russell tremble. He again approached an empty chair, and was again forestalled by young Brown. With a bitter curse, he swung his great open palm around and laid his tormentor flat on the floor, stunned and breathless. A silence fell on the group. It was as if a lion had awakened with a roar of wrath.

"Come on, all o' ye!" he snarled through his set teeth, facing them all. As he stood thus the absurdity of his own attitude came upon him. They were only children, after all. Reeking with the sweat of shame and anger which burst from his burning skin, he reached for a chair.

Nettie, like the little dare-devil that she was, pulled the chair from under him, and he saved himself from falling only by wildly clutching the desk before him. As it was, he fell almost into her lap, and everybody shrieked with uncontrollable laughter. In the midst of it, Miss Clayton, the teacher, came hurrying in to silence the tumult, and Bradley rushed from the room like a bull from the arena, maddened with the spears of the toreador. He snatched his hat and coat from the rack, and hardly looked up till he reached the haven of his little cellar.

Bradley's first speech in school is interesting in that his future lies along forensic lines. Here, also, we see the admirable power of the author in reproducing scenes familiar to thousands of young Americans who still retain vivid memories of school-days. So charmingly realistic is this picture of a Friday afternoon in a little Western seminary, that I cannot forego the temptation of reproducing it.

He was now facing another terror, the Friday afternoon recitals, in which alternate sections of the pupils were obliged to appear before the public in the chapel to recite or read an essay. It was an ordeal that tried the souls of the bravest of them all.

Unquestionably it kept many pupils away. Nothing could be more terrible to a shrinking, awkward boy or girl from a farm than this requirement to stand upon a raised platform with nothing to break the effect of sheer crucifixion. It was appalling. It was a pillory, a stake, a burning, and yet there was a fearful fascination about it, and it was doubtful if a majority of the students would have voted for its abolition. The seniors and juniors saw the seniors winning electrical applause from the audience, and fancied the same prize was within their reach. There was no surer or more instant success to be won than that which followed a splendid oratorical effort on the platform. It was worth the cost.

All the week the members of the last section had been prancing up and down the various rooms in boarding-houses, to the deep disgust of their fellow-students, who mixed harsh comments throughout their practice, as they shouted in thunder tones:—

"I came not here to talk. (‘Then why don't you shut up?’) You know too well the story of our thraldom. (‘You bet we do, we've heard it all the week.’) The beams of the setting sun fall upon a slave. (‘Would a beam of some sort would fall on you?’) O Rome! Rome! (‘Oh, go roam the wild-wood.’)"

All the week the boarding-house mistresses had pounded on the stove-pipe to bring the appeal of "Spartacus to the Romans" down to a key that would not also include all the people in the block. All to no purpose. Spartacus was aroused, and nothing but a glaive or a battle-axe could bring him to silence and submission. The first section now sat smiling grimly. Their revenge was coming.

After the choir had sung, the principal of oratory, note-book in hand, came down among the pupils, and began the fatal roll-call.

The first name called was Alice Masters, an ambitious, but terribly plain and awkward girl. She had not eaten anything since the middle of the week, and was weak and nervous with fright. She sprang out of her seat, white as a dead person, and rushed up the aisle. As she stepped upon the platform she struck her toe, and nearly fell. The rest laughed, some hysterically, the most of them in thoughtless derision. The blood rushed into her face, and when she turned she seemed to be masked in scarlet. She began, stammeringly, her fingers playing nervously with the seams of her dress.

"Beside his block the sculptor—

"Beside his block—

"Beside, the sculptor stood beside"—

She could not think of another word, not one, and she fell into a horrible silence, wringing her hands piteously. It was impossible for her to go on, and impossible for her to leave the floor till the word of release came.

"That will do," said the principal in calm unconcern, and she rushed from the room, and the next name was called. At length Nettie Russell faced the audience, a saucy smile on her lips, and a defiant tilt to her nose. She spoke a verse of "Twinkle, twinkle, little star," to the vast delight of the preps, who had dared her to do it. The principal scowled darkly, and put a very emphatic black mark opposite her name.

A name after name was called, Bradley's chill deepened, and the cold sweat broke out upon his body. There was a terrible weakness and nausea at his stomach, and he drew long, shivering inspirations like a man facing an icy river, into which he must plunge. His hands shook till he was forced to grasp the desk to hide his tremor.

He was saved from utter flight by Radbourn, who came before him. Whatever nervousness the big senior had ever felt, he was well over now, for he walked calmly up the aisle, and took his place with easy dignity. He scorned to address the Romans or the men of England. He was always contemporaneous. He usually gave orations on political topics, or astounded his teachers by giving a revolutionary opinion of some classic. No matter what subject he dealt with, he interested and held his audience. His earnest face and deep-set eyes had something compelling in them, and his dignity and self-possession in themselves fascinated the poor fellows, who sat there in deathly sickness, shaking with terror.

Bradley felt again the fascination of an orator; and again his heart glowed with a secret feeling that he, too, could be an orator like that. He felt strong, and cool, and hopeful while Radbourn was speaking, but afterward that horrible, weakening fear came back upon him.

He couldn't look at poor Harry Stillman, who came on a few names further. Harry had pounded away all the week on Webster's reply to Hayne, and he now stood forth in piteous contrast to his ponderous theme. His thin, shaking legs toed-in like an Indian's, and his trousers were tight, and short, and checked, which seemed to increase the tightness and shortness. He had narrow shoulders and thin, long arms, which he used like a jumping-jack, each gesture being curiously unrelated to his facial expression, which was mainly appealing and apprehensive. As Shep Watson said: "He looked as if he expected a barn to fall on him."

At last Bradley's name was spoken, and he rose in a mist. The windows had disappeared. They were mere blurs of light. As he walked up the aisle the floor fell away from the soles of his feet. He no longer walked, he was a brain floating in space. He made his way to the stage without accident, for he had rehearsed it all so many times in his mind that unconscious cerebration attended to the necessary motions. When he faced the assembly, he seemed facing a boundless sea of faces. They, in their

turn, were awed by something they saw in his eyes. His face was white, and his eyes burned with a singular light. A mysterious power emanated from him as from the born orator.

Like all the rest he had taken a theme that was far beyond his apparent powers and the apparent comprehension of his audience; but they had been fed so long upon William Tell, Rienzi, Marc Antony and Spartacus, that every line was familiar. Nothing was too ponderous, too lofty, too peak-addressing for them.

He mispronounced the words, his gestures were awkward and spasmodic, but lofty emotion exalted him and vibrated in his voice. He thrilled every heart. He had opened somewhere, somehow, a vast reservoir of power. A great calm fell upon him. A wild joy of new-found strength that awed and thrilled his own heart. It seemed as if a new spirit had taken his flesh. As he went on he was more dignified and graceful. His great arms seemed to be gigantic, as he thundered against the Carthaginians. Everybody forgot his dress, his freckled face; and when he closed, the applause was instant and generous.

As he walked back to his seat, the exultant light went out of his eyes, his limbs relaxed, the windows and the sunlight cleared to vulgar day, and his face flushed with timidity. He sat down with a feeling of melancholy in his heart, as if something divine had faded out of his life.

But Radburn reached out his hand in the face of the whole school and said, "First rate!" The pupils had the Western love for oratory, and several of them crowded about to congratulate him on his speech.

These extracts, however, are from what might fairly be termed the introduction to the story. In rapid succession, we are next given graphic pictures of the ambitious, persevering boy at the Iowa University Law School, at the State Capitol at Des Moines, and in the National Congress at Washington. The greatest chapters of the book lie in this portion of the volume, where the rottenness of our State and National government and the painful shallowness of political life are shown forth. I think no thoughtful person can visit our National Congress without being sickened by the palpable cant, hypocrisy, and hollowness everywhere visible. I shall never forget the feeling of disgust I experienced on visiting the Senate and House two years since. I no longer wondered why plutocracy secured the defeat of legislation looking toward justice and equity for the industrial millions. Mr. Garland's studies of Washington life are very true, so far as they go. The closing chapters, dealing with Miss Wilbur, the great industrial uprising in Kansas, and Bradley's visit to the scenes of the new revolution, are very strong, and in many respects the best chapters in the book. The last chapter is excellent, though one almost wishes the curtain might have fallen when the lovers reached the station after the night ride from the little Kansas schoolhouse.

Ida Wilbur will prove an inspiration to thousands of young American women who are in touch with the new thought of the hour. The story is not what would be termed a political novel, and yet, in dealing with public life in the West to-day, politics necessarily enter largely into the web and woof of the romance, and the wonderful uprising of the people in the West is briefly but graphically portrayed. "A Spoil of Office" should be read by all persons who are in sympathy with the best impulses of the hour.

B. O. FLOWER.

SOCIAL ABOMINATIONS.*

"Social Abominations" is the somewhat striking title of a large and handsome volume of over six hundred pages recently issued by the subscription house of R. E. Whitman & Co. The introduction to the work is by the distinguished divine, Russell H. Conwell, D. D., LL. D. In the course of his paper Dr. Conwell says:—

I wish I could have the satisfaction of sending it into every home on this great continent. It will stand like a sentinel at the door guarding the sacred circle from defilement, and watchfully giving warning of danger. The many eminent writers who have spoken in this book have large hearts and brilliant intellects. They love mankind. They love God. They speak because they must speak. They are watchmen on the walls, and if the trumpet gives an uncertain sound no one will prepare himself for battle. If the wrongs this book fearlessly assails, and the evils it skilfully impales could be driven out of every home and country, a paradise would be enjoyed on earth, and the New Jerusalem would indeed come down to dwell with men. But such a volume as this, which gathers the best and the mightiest things written by the noblest men of our age, does far more than to caution the venturesome and denounce the villainous. It greatly encourages the weak. It puts a strong arm about the young and helpless, and inspires fainting hearts to snatch victories from the jaws of defeat.

The work contains views of a number of thinkers, some noted for liberality, others for extreme conservatism, upon what each author considers crying evils of the hour. Among the subjects treated are "Sabbath Desecration," by Rev. William Crafts, D. D., in which the leader of those who are industriously seeking to restore the Sabbath of the Puritans discusses the Sunday question in a manner which suggests that Dr. Crafts was born several centuries too late. "Swearing and Cursing," by Rev. Charles Hall, D. D.; "Clandestine Marriages," "Whisperers," "The Age of Swindlers," and "Broken Promises of Marriage," four chapters, by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D.; "Pitfalls for our Boys," J. H. Kellogg, M. D., a very thoughtful and valuable chapter; "Dangers to our Girls," L. Anna Ballard; "Hypnotism in Relation to Crime," by A. Taylor Innes, a man whose conservatism leads him to ridiculous extremes and who, like many conventional thinkers, sees bogymen in every new discovery. "Nurseries of Crime," by Thomas Byrnes, Esq., a most valuable chapter on the cheap boarding-houses of New York; "Divorce vs. Domestic Warfare," by Elizabeth Cady Stanton. This chapter comprises Mrs. Stanton's magnificent paper on Divorce published some time since in *THE ARENA*. "Social Purity," by Frances Willard, contains many splendid thoughts and observations. "Christians and the Opera," and "The Theatre," by J. O. Peck, D. D., and Geo. C. Lorimer, D. D.; two narrow views of great educational powers, whose influence as a whole is certainly far different from what the authors imagine. "Social Vice," by Anthony Comstock. Mr. Comstock is so

*"Social Abominations" [Illustrated]. Pp. 656; cloth, \$2.50; morocco, \$3.50. Sold only by subscription. Published by R. E. Whitman & Co., Harrisburg, Penn.

blindly fanatical in his views, and such a narrow bigot in religion, that I never read anything he writes without a sigh of pity for him. He should have lived in the days of the Inquisition, for he has all the ferocity of spirit and blindness to the possibility of any good or noble emotions in those who do not look through his glasses, which characterized the leaders of the terrible persecutions of olden times. I am sorry, therefore, to see anything from his pen in this work. Among other contributors are Rev. F. D. Huntingdon, D. D., Rev. Charles H. Spurgeon, Dr. Merrill E. Gates, Rev. J. P. Conway, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, and Hon. Geo. William Curtis. Among papers from my pen which appear in this volume are the following: "Social Extravagance," "White Slaves of New York," "Fashion's Slaves," "Deplorable Social Conditions," "Society's Exiles," and "The Froth and the Dregs."

The volume is richly illustrated and handsomely printed. It possesses the merit of presenting the opinions of all shades of thinkers upon great evils and follies of the age, and in this respect resembles the contents of our great magazines. I trust it will have a wide sale.

B. O. FLOWER.

HINDU LITERATURE.*

The thought of the present age in many respects resembles Grecian thought during the centuries immediately preceding the advent of Christ. Both periods were eras of investigating, speculating, and philosophizing, and each age was eclectic in its instincts.

In the first century Grecian thought had not only penetrated, and to a certain extent permeated, the various quarters of the globe where Rome's victorious eagles had been planted, but it had gathered from all quarters the wealth of the best thought, sifted the same, and assimilated that which appealed to the brains of her best thinkers.

So to-day, throughout the Anglo-Saxon world, we find a greater hospitality shown the thought of other days and lands than at any former period. The literature and the religion of ancient times, no less than contemporaneous thought, are being investigated as never before. This condition has stimulated thought. Long, patient research is being made by students who have leisure. The results of their labors are being seen in numerous volumes of handy size and as comprehensive as the general reader desires. Such, for example, is the admirable presentation, by Ellen M. Mitchell, of the philosophy of the various schools of Greece, recently noticed in these pages, and such is the valuable volume before me entitled "Hindu Literature," by Elizabeth A. Reed. "It is a clear, concise presentation of Hindu literature from the earliest songs of the Arian race to the writings of mediaeval days, reviewing the labors of Sanscrit scholars in the vast field of literature and giving a clear, concise survey of the great Indian epics whose character and scope are illustrated by copious extracts."

* "Hindu Literature; or, The Ancient Books of India." By E. A. Reed. Cloth, pp. 428; price, \$2.00. Published by S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago, Ill.

In this volume we have the digest of a library arranged and so condensed as to give all the important facts which the general reader desires, while they are presented in a most engaging manner. The author is a member of the Philosophical Society of Great Britain, and she has put into this work the results of what must have been many years of patient study. It is a volume which should be possessed by all wishing to form a fair and intelligent idea of the religious thought of India.

B. O. FLOWER.

OPIE READ'S NOVELS.

The receipt of Opie Read's "Emmett Benlore" gives me welcome opportunity to speak a word of praise of Mr. Read's whole range of novelistic work, at least as comprehended by "Selected Stories," "Len Gansett," "Kentucky Colonel," and "Emmett Benlore." Mr. Read is the leader of a group of journalists in Chicago who have stopped in their daily grind, and at some cost of time and care have produced a novel or two of Western life and manners.

Of this group one might name Stanley Waterloo, Leroy Armstrong, John McGovern, Forrest Crissey, and Mrs. Elia W. Peattie, though there are others who should be counted in the same group no doubt. Of these meritorious writers, Opie Read probably ranks first by virtue of his larger, and, on the whole, more important work. He has produced four very successful books, the "Kentucky Colonel" having sold over sixty-five thousand copies, and he seems just getting himself well in hand. He is a Kentuckian by birth, and his great frame goes far to bear out the popular idea that Kentucky produces physical giants. He has been connected with the *Arkansas Traveller* for many years, and his stories deal quite generally with Arkansas characters.

"Emmett Benlore" is, in my estimation, the best of his long stories, and it is thoroughly Western and thoroughly human. It ambles on like the life of a struggling newspaper man in a sleepy Arkansas town, and it has a wholesome, spicy atmosphere through it all, like an October day among oaks and pines. It has no "situations," and it takes small cognizance of any exotic life or literature. It is true, and, being true, is homely, humorous, and pathetic. It is one of the truest pictures of Western life, and especially of Arkansas life yet written. It has no plot, but depends for interest on its character studies, and they are admirable throughout, with the possible exception of one woman.

My criticism of it is, that, like all of Mr. Read's novels, it is a shade too literal. There is a certain looseness in the relation of the parts which prevents a powerful unity of impression. I make this criticism the more readily because I perceive in every story that Mr. Read writes a strenuous devotion to truth. His work is verifiable at almost every point. It is not imitative of anybody or any model. It is an honest, wholesome, manly attempt at delineating life as he has seen it and loved it.

HAMLIN GARLAND.

MATTER, ETHER AND MOTION.*

Professor Dolbear, in this compendious book, has done a great service to the ordinary man or woman of inquiring mind. He has put into most lucid and terse phrase the very latest deductions, as well as the established discoveries of science upon what one may call the physical basis of the universe. I do not know of a book which presents, in the same simple, dignified, and yet masterly way, these great problems. He makes comprehension easy, because he knows with definiteness and at first hand, and beside he has the rare faculty of imparting it easily to other minds.

Professor Dolbear is a discoverer in his own right. He is an electrician of great originality and power of insight. He is a man truly scientific, in that he takes hold of all evidence with the confidence of a man who knows truth when he sees it, and is not afraid of the leadings of evidence. His position in this book is modest and engaging in its openness. He says, "What fifteen years ago was deemed *possible*, is to-day deemed *probable*, and to-morrow may be demonstrated."

The author's special additions to the questions under discussion may be found here and there through the book, but in the special chapters on *Life*, *Physical Fields* and *Machines*. His discussion of ether is extremely interesting and valuable, as he has made special study of radial electricity, and the transmission of forms of force through various media. As he truly says, the text-books do not keep pace with the yearly, almost daily, advances in these special fields of science, and there is need of just such teaching as this is if one is to keep well informed. The reader who buys this book of Professor Dolbear's writing may feel perfectly sure of being put in possession of the very latest and most valuable deductions of modern science.

HAMLIN GARLAND.

ONOQUA.†

The bare facts of the Indian's life, and his treatment by our government are pitiful; when told with a little of the novelist's art they are tragic. They blind the eyes and fill the throat with impotent anger and sympathetic sorrow. Frances C. Sparhawk has given with great simplicity and directness, and evidently with unflinching truth, the story of an Indian girl who is trying to be civilized under conditions which would make an angel barbaric. It is a sad story, and just misses of being a great and original study of Indian character. Its failure lies in the limitations of her knowledge rather than in the sincerity of her purpose.

Onoqua is an attractive figure, and so also is Cetangi. They fail, however, of being well-rounded characterizations. As the actors say, they are "too straight." Aside from its interest as a novel, Onoqua

* "Matter, Ether and Motion." By Amos E. Dolbear, Professor of Physics at Tufts College. 12mo. pp., 334. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

† "Onoqua." Good Company Series. 12mo. 263 pp. Price, 50 cents. Lee & Shepard.

presents a solution of the Indian trouble which is heroic—tragic. To give up the tribe to go back among the people "who are kind to us when alone; who hate us when we're on a reservation."

There is a great deal in this story. The desperate attempt of the Indians to get work; the inexorable deterioration of the young student in the poverty and barrenness of the camp; the cheating of the agents, and the resolution and desperate heroism of a few, young and old, in their attempts to guide their people and preserve them. It is a work that should have been written before. If its art were greater, its effect would have been trebled. As it stands, it is an interesting and valuable study of people and things most people know only too vaguely.

HAMLIN GARLAND.

THE COLUMBIAN HISTORICAL NOVELS.*

That was a brilliant idea which led the great publishing house of Funk & Wagnalls to bring out the history of the United States in the form of twelve novels, the first two of which have appeared. "Columbia" deals with Columbus and his discovery of the West Indies. The author follows the popular history closely, far too closely, I think, in his views of the life and character of Columbus, whom he idealizes until he stands before the mind's eye of the reader the incarnation of all that is best, purest, and noblest. In this he has merely added a few high lights to the story of Columbus as found in our popular histories, but which I do not think would be brought out by a critical study of the data extant by an unbiased mind. In this issue of *THE ARENA* we give another view of Columbus by Mr. Dunlop, which should be read in order to form a more accurate conception of the man. From the day of Homer the tendency of writers has been to idealize the conspicuous figures of the past, especially when the persons in question were shrewd enough to win the plaudits of conventionalism and the popular religion of the age. The author of these works, however, understands the art of writing a delightful story, especially for the young, and there can be little doubt that the young person perusing these volumes will find the study of history very different from the dry text-books in ordinary use. So important is this series of books that I take pleasure in giving a liberal extract from the publishers' announcement.

To the average American schoolboy and schoolgirl, *Columbia*, like Sinbad's "Old Man of the Sea," is an ever-present burden. The sins of all the fathers, from Columbus to the civil war, have been visited on the children of this generation, who have been compelled to learn events from well-intended but, practically, dry-as-dust histories. Now all this is past; the chronicler of events has given place to the story-teller, and in the first volume of this series we have a story of fascinating interest, in which the wooden Columbus of the treatises is replaced by a living, breathing actor on the page of history.

* "The Columbian Historical Series of Novels." Vol. I., *Columbia: A Story of the Discovery of America*. Vol. II., *Estevan: A Story of the Spanish Conquests*. Hand-somely illustrated, with full-page half-tone engravings. Cloth, per volume, \$1.50.

The second volume, "Estevan," covers the whole period of the conquest; treading the ground cleared by Prescott in his "Conquest of Peru." Estevan, a Spanish boy of noble family, is introduced to us in the first volume. The story of his boyhood is a romantic one, and as a youth he accompanies Columbus on the voyage of discovery. In the second volume we recognize him at once as an old acquaintance, in whose fortunes we take a lively interest, and find him, and his son after him, among the chief actors in the moving scenes of history.

It may seem an impossible task to write the history of the United States, making it valuable as a history and at the same time interesting as a romance; but the plan adopted by the author in this series is both practical and novel. From Columbus down to the present day, if divided into the ordinary period of human life, makes twelve lifetimes or ages; and by studying each of these lifetimes or ages, one may discover that the spirit of the age or time changes in about forty years. The author, having deduced these facts by careful study of history, gives to each period a separate existence in the form of a complete story, and yet cleverly links them all together to make the whole series a correct and united history, and at the same time a fascinating romance. The historical divisions are: First, Age of Discovery; second, Conquest; third, Bigotry; fourth, Colonization; fifth, Reason; sixth, Tyranny; seventh, Superstition; eighth, Contention of Powers for Supremacy; ninth, Independence; tenth, Liberty Established; eleventh, Supremacy Abroad; twelfth, Union. Titles to the forthcoming volumes are:—

Vol. III., St. Augustine: A Story of the Huguenots. Vol. IV., Pocahontas: A Story of Virginia. Vol. V., The Pilgrims: A Story of Massachusetts. Vol. VI., A Century too Soon: A Story of Bacon's Rebellion. Vol. VII., The Witch of Salem; or, Credulity Run Mad. Vol. VIII., Braddock: A Story of the French and Indian Wars. Vol. IX., Independence: A Story of the American Revolution. Vol. X., Sustained Honor: A Story of the War of 1812. Vol. XI., Humbled Pride: A Story of the Mexican War. Vol. XII., Union: A Story of the Great Rebellion, and of Events Down to the Present Day.

In all previous narratives of the great events of the discovery and conquest of the New World, we see the leading actors only in their historical connection; but in the works under notice, side lights are thrown on their private lives, on their loves and hates, their motives and ambitions, their successes and misfortunes, their friends and their foes. They are no longer figures which strut across the stage of history and then disappear, but they are living beings; we become acquainted with them, whose fortunes we follow with vivid interest.

In lieu of a bare record of disconnected events, which the average reader finds so difficult to arrange systematically in his memory, we here have the story of individual lives; and we can follow these lives along lines on which events arrange themselves in orderly sequence. It is not too much to say that a day devoted to each of these volumes by the average reader will afford a more comprehensive and permanent grasp of the history of the times to which they relate than is ordinarily acquired by years of study of the dry histories of the schools. The books are timely, valuable, and important. They are richly bound.

CALMIRE.*

"Calmire" is a story of remarkable power. It comes from a philosophical brain, and the author is a thinker of ability who has fearlessly

* "Calmire: a Story." Cloth, pp. 745. Price, \$1.50. Published by Macmillan & Co. New York.

sounded the great religious problems of the day. As a story, the work will hold the thoughtful reader's interest from first to last; but persons who read stories merely for excitement will not be pleased with "Calmire," as, like "Robert Elsmere," it is a story written for thoughtful people who no longer find satisfaction in the dogmas and tenets of conservative religious thought. The following extracts from the chapter entitled "Revelation" will serve to illustrate the tone or spirit of the work, also the advance ground taken from a religious point of view. The scene describes a young woman awakened from the dead calm of conventional religion to the vital truth of the new thought. She seeks the hero of the work for a solution to the question *why* he can be good and yet be outside the Church.

"Mr. Calmire, I want you to tell me what keeps you calm and good when you don't believe anything. There is nothing to keep me so. I don't believe anything any more. You needn't any longer be afraid of disturbing me. Talk to me now."

"Well," said Calmire to himself, "so Muriel's kindergarter has turned out a graduate! Ah me! I've got to take hold at last!" He little realized for how much more than mere intellectual disturbance Muriel was responsible. He had, however, a quick return of the suspicion he had intimated to Muriel: that Nina's trouble was deeper than creeds go, and he was anxious as to the cause; but without wasting time in conjectures, he determined that it was best to follow her lead right on. So he answered:—

"Though you say I don't believe anything, I probably believe many times as much as you ever did—as you have yet had time to. Nevertheless, I just understood you to say that you did believe something by no means easy to believe, and that I but half believe myself?"

"What?"

"That I am calm and good. Now why do you believe that?"

"Oh, well, that's a very plain and simple thing. I see that for myself."

"Do you know what's the trouble about your other beliefs, or disbeliefs?"

"Tell me."

"That you have supposed it necessary to believe a great many things that you can't see for yourself."

"Why, one can't see the truths of religion for one's self. One can't, by mere reason, know the unknown."

"Precisely. Therefore one hadn't better profess to. If you don't know all the so-called truths of religion, how do you know that they all are truths?"

"I don't know that they are. I don't know anything."

"Yes, you do! You know most of the truths that help anybody to be "good and calm," as well as anybody knows them. But you don't appreciate that they are the truths which really do the work, and you are letting yourself be disturbed over some other notions which people have associated with those essential truths. Possibly those notions are of some value to some people, but not to the woman you are growing to be."

"But who is to decide what is really true?" she asked. "People differ so."

"Well, dear," he said, "some people say there are two kinds of truth, human and divine. That seems to be plainly impossible. I can conceive of only one kind of truth, and the portion of it which we have, we have had to learn from experience. It is, of course, largely incorporated in the religions, but it is contradicted, right and left, by some statements in the religions, and so their followers try to make them out to be a superlative kind of truth."

"But, Mr. Calmire, mere human truth is so limited."

"Of course," he answered, "as human experience is limited, human truth must be limited too; but it's the only truth we've got, and when we imagine that we have any

more, we get into trouble. All the substantial operations of our lives are conducted on simply the truths of accumulated experience; and all our blunders come because we have not experience enough. We've enough for practical purposes, however, or at least enough to secure all the happiness at present within our reach; for it, and it alone, does just that."

"What! The faiths don't help?" she asked.

"Only," he answered, "that portion of the faiths which is pointed to by experience though it is claimed, with doubtful justice, that some people couldn't get that portion without the fanciful portion. For instance, experience really says that, within reasonable limits, "it is more blessed to give than to receive"; but religion says it too, and as it's not a very obvious truth, a great many people believe it, or think they do, not as matter of experience, but as matter of religion. Now, that's all very well, so long as they don't profess to believe against experience; for then harm comes — the wastes of asceticisms, religious wars and persecutions, human hearts torn out on the altars of imaginary gods, both physically and emotionally."

"Do you suppose the so-called mysteries of religion, its preposterous assertions and self-contradictions, made the saints and martyrs, and make so many good men in the Church to-day? Do you suppose it was that part of religion that men have died for, or, even if a few have, that it was that part which sustained them in dying?"

"Well, in pity's name, what was it then? For it seems to me that I am dying too — for want of it."

"It was not often dogma, if ever, but what lay under the dogma — the morality that men have been learning through all their experience, and the simple faith in the Infinite Power and Infinite Law which, in the religions and out, under the name of every beneficent god ever worshipped, has inspired the best men through all history."

"Yes, Mr. Calmire, and it is just that faith which I have lost. In some respects my mind since I have been here has been widened. I have grown to a cold intellectual recognition that love for mankind is the noblest basis of right-doing, if any basis is good for anything, and that there are no freaks in the merciless power that governs us. But I have not the kind of faith in any of it that can sustain and comfort anybody. I've gained altruism, and I've gained Law, and they're two very big-sounding words for a girl to be able to use, but — I have lost God."

"That 'cold intellectual recognition,'" he answered, "will grow into something warmer, and those 'big-sounding words' will come to mean more to you, perhaps, than any other words have yet meant. And as to losing God, you mean that you have lost a lot of primitive and gratuitous notions regarding God."

It is a well-written story, which will richly repay careful perusal on the part of thoughtful readers.

B. O. FLOWER.

THE PEOPLE'S BATTLE HYMN.*

James G. Clark, the poet prophet of the West, whose many charming lays, including a number of universally favorite songs of the people, such as "The Ever Green Mountains of Life," have been published in a dainty little volume entitled "Poetry and Song," has published a soul-stirring song of the hour entitled "The People's Battle Hymn." It is published in sheet music by the great musical house of Oliver Ditson & Co., of Boston. The words and music are by Mr. Clark. When General J. B. Weaver, the candidate for president of the People's Party, heard this song, he said, "It is the song we have been waiting for. It is an Iliad of itself." Below I give the words; but to appreciate the song it must be sung to the stirring music to which it is set.

* Published in sheet music by Oliver Ditson Co., Boston. Price, 40 cents.

There's a sound of swelling waters, there's a voice from out the blue,
 Where the Master his arm is revealing,—
 Lo! the glory of the morning lights the forehead of the New,
 And the towers of the Old Time are reeling.

CHORUS.

Lift high the banner, break from the chain,
 Wake from the thraldom of story;
 Like the torrent to the rive ℓ , the river to the main,
 Forward to liberty and glory!

There is tramping in the cities where the people march along,
 And the trumpet of Justice is calling;
 There's a crashing of the helmet on the forehead of the Wrong,
 And the battlements of Babylon are falling.

He shall gather in the homeless, he shall set the people free,
 He shall walk hand in hand with the toiler,—
 He shall render back to labor, from the mountains to the sea,
 The lands that are bound by the spoiler.

There is doubt within the temples where the gods are bought and sold,
 They are leaving the false for the true way;
 There's a cry of consternation where the idols made of gold
 Are melting in the glance of the New Day.

O! the Master of the morning, how we waited for his light
 In the old days of doubting and fearing!
 How we watched among the shadows of the long and weary night
 For his feet upon the mountains appearing.

Let the lightning tell the story to the sea's remotest bands,
 Let the campfires of Freedom be flaming;
 While the voices of the heavens join the chorus of the land,
 Which the children of men are proclaiming.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"A TRIP TO ENGLAND," by Goldwin Smith, D. C. L. Cloth, pp. 134; price, 75 cents. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York.

"AN OUNCE OF PREVENTION," by Augustus Jacobson. Paper, pp. 251; price, 50 cents. Published by Chas. H. Kerr & Co., 175 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

"THE COMING CLIMAX IN THE DESTINIES OF AMERICA," by Lester C. Hubbard. Paper, pp. 480; price, 50 cents. Published by Chas. H. Kerr & Co., 175 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

"ESTEVAN," by John R. Musick. Cloth, pp. 399; price, \$1.50. Published by Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York.

"COLUMBIA," by John R. Musick. Cloth, pp. 351; price, \$1.50. Published by Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York.

"SARA, A PRINCESS," by Fannie E. Newbury. Cloth, pp. 304. Published by Bradley & Woodruff, Boston.

"**PSYCHOLOGY APPLIED TO THE ART OF TEACHING**," by Joseph Baldwin, A. M., LL. D. Cloth, pp. 381; price, \$1.50. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

"**THE LYRIC OF LIFE**," by Laura A. Sunderlin Nourse. Paper, pp. 159. Published by Charles Wells Moulton, Buffalo, N. Y.

"**DARE LORIMER'S HERITAGE**," by Evelyn Everett Green. Cloth, pp. 338. Published by Bradley & Woodruff, Boston.

NOTES AND ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The Bacon-Shakespeare Case.

In this issue we close the brief for Bacon. In the November ARENA the brief for Shakespeare will be opened by Mr. Reed, who will be followed by Professor W. J. Rolfe, of Cambridge, Mass., Dr. F. J. Furnivall, of London, England, and Rev. Dr. A. Nicholson, of Warwickshire, England. Among those who have consented to act as jurymen in this celebrated case are Ex-President Rutherford B. Hayes, Governor William E. Russell, of Massachusetts, Professor A. E. Dolbear, of Tufts College, Joseph Jefferson, Mary A. Livermore, Rev. Minot J. Savage, Appleton Morgan, president of the New York Shakespeare Society, William E. Sheldon, editor of the *American Teacher*, Rev. C. A. Bartol, and Edmund C. Stedman.

Magazine Literature and the Cause of the Industrial Millions.

Almost two years ago several friends of THE ARENA urged me not to champion the cause of the industrial millions in the contention of the people against monopolies and capitalistic organizations. It is all well enough, they said, to publish papers from others on the subject; but if you editorially censure plutocracy, you will find those who can afford to take THE ARENA will not subscribe for it, while those for whom you speak *cannot pay* for it. I replied that I had never learned to obey the command of conventionalism, conservatism, or policy; that what I felt impelled to write from a sense of justice would be written, even if I knew it would cost us many subscribers, for I believed the nation to be passing through a crucial stage in her existence. I felt that the treatment being received by millions of honest and hard-working men could not be squared by the golden rule, and that every injustice resulting from social and economic conditions added to the peril of the republic. Furthermore, I did not believe that the rank and file of our wealthy or well-to-do people sympathized with conditions which neces-

sarily ground down the many that the few might live in luxury and idleness. I believed that the apparent indifference of thoughtful people to the wrongs of the people arose largely from ignorance; that so long as great magazines and reviews catered to the *dilettante* element, and for policy's sake refused to give the same full, free hearing to industry which it would receive if the fair presentation of its case meant large sales for the magazine, we could not expect our best hearted people to become aroused simply because they were ignorant of the facts. My friends felt that my position was untenable from a commercial point of view, but subsequent events have failed to verify their prediction. The success of this review has been, I believe, with possibly one exception, unparalleled in the history of modern magazine literature. But what is even more gratifying to me is the marked change of attitude on the part of other reviews and magazines. The space now accorded to the condition of the unfortunates and the cause of the victims of special legislation or class laws, affords great satisfaction; for I believe social revolution can only be averted by arousing the great multitude of thoughtful and conscientious people, who do not yet feel the stress of poverty. The cause of the oppressed was never so ably championed editorially in great magazines as at the present time. I notice with great pleasure a strong, brilliant paper in last month's *Cosmopolitan* by the editor, Mr. J. B. Walker, in which he champions the cause of the workingmen in no uncertain words. Indeed, I believe no observations made by THE ARENA have been more radically aggressive than those advanced by Mr. Walker in this issue of the *Cosmopolitan*; while Mr. Edwin D. Mead, the editor of the *New England Magazine*, gives a brave and thoughtful paper on Homestead, in which he takes strong grounds for the people. These brave utterances, coming from the editors of great literary maga-

zines, are as significant as they are cheering. Let the noble work go on. Homestead will yet prove Labor's Bunker Hill, and the temporary advantage of plutocracy will only the more certainly insure its ultimate overthrow.

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### Congressman Watson on the Negro Question.

I hope all our readers will peruse the thoughtful paper of Hon. Thomas E. Watson on the Negro Question. There is much food for sober reflection in the compass of this essay. The hope of Southern prosperity lies in peace and harmony between the races. As long as the two races are kept in an attitude of hostility by designing politicians, the blessings of peace and prosperity will not visit the Southern States. Divide the votes, and peace will be attained.

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The Prohibition Party.

This month we give a paper on the Prohibition Party which was not received in time for publication in our symposium on the political parties in the pending campaign.

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### Bacon or Shakespeare, Which?

Great interest is being manifested in this discussion. The case for Lord Bacon has now been presented in a masterly manner. In the November issue the brief for Shakespeare will be opened, the first paper being by Mr. Reed. Professor W. J. Rolfe, Dr. F. J. Furnivall, and Rev. Dr. A. Nicholson will also be heard in behalf of the bard of Avon.

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Symposium on Dress.

In this issue we close the remarkable symposium on Woman's Dress, prepared under the auspices of the Woman's National Council, and introduced by the president of the Council. It certainly marks a wonderful advance in the movement when the most thoughtful women of the nation so appreciate the importance of more rational dress as to have dress improvement made the subject of a symposium, and to appoint a committee to push forward the work. As I have endeavored to point out in my paper, the tide of events is favorable for this great

reform, and I believe that the movement now in hand by the Dress Committee of the council will prove successful.

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### Important Papers for Early Issues of The Arena.

We are perfecting arrangements for a number of exceedingly brilliant papers which will open with the new volume of THE ARENA, and which will embrace ethical, educational, social, political, economic, and religious problems of real, vital importance. It will be our constant aim to make THE ARENA absolutely indispensable to all thinkers who are not fossils.

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Our Series of Dramatic Papers.

Our series of papers dealing with the American drama, which is proving immensely popular, is continued this month by a sketch from the talented young author Miss Mildred Aldrich, whose paper upon Miss Marlowe was received with such favor. A profusely illustrated paper dealing with Alexander Salvini will be a feature of an early number.

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### Rev. Dr. Hughes on Islam.

I desire to call special attention to the able paper of Rev. Thomas P. Hughes in reply to Ibn Ishak. Seldom, indeed, do we find a religious discussion conducted in such a spirit of candor, or so ably and temperately argued as this controversy over "The Future of Islam." It also gives us an opportunity of comparing the intellectual strength of a distinguished Asiatic thinker with that of one of America's most scholarly clergymen.

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A Valuable Economic Chart.

Mr. F. J. Shulte of Chicago has published an interesting chart in colors, in which the people's problems are set forth in diagrams which illustrate vital truths without any long argument. In it he shows that "twenty-one cents' worth of meat on the farm, crossing the bridge of monopoly, becomes worth one dollar to the consumer. Thirty-three cents' worth of vegetables on the farm, crossing the bridge of monopoly, becomes worth one dollar to the consumer. Thirty-six cents' worth of coal at the mines, crossing the

bridge of monopoly, becomes worth one dollar to the consumer, etc.

Under the title "The Finance Problem" the author illustrates by diagrams the facts that

1. Ninety-two per cent of our business is done on credit.

2. Only eight per cent of our business is done in cash.

3. Our population in 1866 was thirty-seven million, and money then in circulation was two billion dollars."

"Our population to-day is sixty-three million, and the money in circulation is one billion six hundred million dollars. With all the money in the land the banks could pay their depositors but ten cents on the dollar, or in gold only two cents on the dollar, or in gold and silver only three cents on the dollar." These facts, which, as I observed before, are illustrated by colored diagrams, are only examples of the interesting table of facts which this valuable chart contains. The price is twenty-five cents. For sale by F. J. Schulte & Co., Chicago, Ill.

A Magnificent Presentation Volume.

No more appropriate Christmas or birthday present could be found than the magnificent volume just issued by THE ARENA Publishing Company, entitled "Sultan to Sultan" by Mrs. French-Sheldon. It is a wonderful story of a wonderful woman's journey one thousand miles into the heart of savage Africa. The volume is illustrated by about three hundred finely executed photogravures and text cuts, and is without question one of the most sumptuous volumes issued within the last decade. The subject matter is as interesting as a powerful work of fiction; yet no story of African travel has ever contained more facts of a most interesting nature than this thrilling work. Mrs. Sheldon was entertained by hostile tribes and was enabled to photograph them and gain scenes of domestic life which no traveller heretofore has been able even to obtain a glimpse of. The cost of publishing this volume, as may well be imagined, has been enormous; but all who become fortunate possessors of copies will feel that the setting is none

too handsome for the valuable and fascinating subject matter.

Fashion's Slaves.

The demand for "Fashion's Slaves" is so great as to indicate a strong interest in the subject. One lady has taken one thousand copies. The leatherette edition is almost exhausted. This pamphlet is peculiarly valuable to all who are interested in woman's emancipation from conventional fashion, as it contains over twenty-five text cuts and six photogravures illustrating the vagaries and absurdities of fashion during the past thirty years. The subject is discussed from artistic, hygienic, ethical, and economic points of view, and will interest and amuse while it instructs. Price in paper fifteen cents; leatherette, twenty-five cents.

"A Spoil of Office" in Book Form.

Every reader of THE ARENA should possess the clean, healthful, and inspiring American story, "A Spoil of Office." It is now published in a handsome large volume of nearly four hundred pages, set in large new type. The story has been carefully revised, strengthened, and enlarged by Mr. Garland, and is now one of the strongest and healthiest works of fiction of the present generation. It is a noble novel which will benefit any person who peruses its pages.

The Editor of the *Cosmopolitan* on Homestead.

In the September *Cosmopolitan* magazine Mr. J. B. Walker, one of the editors, discusses Homestead in a manner which will win the admiration of tens of thousands who love right and justice more than the smile of the aristocracy of the dollar. Mr. Walker thus opens his paper:—

An affair like that at Homestead educates the public mind rapidly; more rapidly in a month than ten years of books and pamphlets. In the face of death men stop to think. What led to this? What does it mean? What is the remedy? And when the daily journal gives in one column the picture of Cluny Castle, or the magnificent pile from which the Lyttons have gone out, to admit part-

ner Phipps from the Homestead mills, and in another sketches showing the dead and dying upon the banks of the Monongahela, the contrast is so sharp that one draws a quick breath of discomfort; and even the most conservative, whose manhood is stronger than his love of dollars, admits that something is wrong.

Again Mr. Walker observes:—

With great fortunes are coming upon the scene an unparalleled luxury upon the one hand and a poverty on the other scarcely surpassed in the days when production did not equal one tenth the present output. In the strife for wealth the lawmaking power was found to be a useful auxiliary. Judges were bought, senatorships were sold in the interest of railways and the great corporations; and within the last ten years we find wealth—not contented with the advantages which the laws, confessedly in its favor, give it—hiring private armies to give force to edicts, allotting to the laborer a lesser share of the product. Lovers of the republic may well tremble at this exhibition, so closely resembling the evil days when rich Romans surrounded themselves by hired bands of fighting bullies. True, our modern *ri hman* does not parade the streets, surrounded by his gladiators. He sits in a secret office, removed from danger, and, in communication with the telegraph wires, orders his army concentrated from many states by rapid transit, and moves it unexpectedly upon his private foes. There is lacking that personal courage which gave a halfway excuse to the Roman who, sword in hand, shared the dangers of the fight. But the risk to the republic is all the greater from these modern methods; for if a man may hire three hundred poor devils ready to shoot down their brothers in misery, there is no reason why he may not hire ten thousand.

These extracts illustrate the tone and temper of this remarkable paper, which is a most valuable addition to the people's cause in its struggle against the cunning of wealth, which is already fortified by class laws. In another portion of this noteworthy paper, Mr. Walker says:—

The fact is, we have two separate worlds in this country. The man who lives in what is known as the world of society has no conception of what the world of labor is thinking. Their worlds are almost as distinct and as completely cut off from each other as if one had its capital at Kamchatka and the other at Terra del Fuego. The poor do injus-

tice to the kindly hearted people whose minds have been warped by the teachings of inheritance and by their environment of wealth, and the rich do not dream of the thoughts which fill the minds of the poor. It is a dangerous ignorance. These two factors are like the nitre and charcoal of gunpowder. Any stray spark may produce disastrous results. The laborer believes now that the law is gradually being altered to suit what he considers the equities of his position. Let him become fairly convinced that the government is for the few, that the military is but a means of carrying out schemes of aggrandizement by the rich, and that votes are bought or majorities counted out in the same interest, and the crucial hour of the republic will at once have arrived.

Incompetent Critics.

Ignorance in regard to the condition of the poor in our great cities displayed by many reviewers of our daily papers in the West and South is deplorable. There would be some excuse for this were it not for the wide circulation which has been given to the condition of our very poor by numerous works such as Jacob Riis' "How the Other Half Live," Helen Campbell's "Lights and Shadows of New York," and other equally able discussions of the true condition of the very poor in our great metropolitan cities.

A striking illustration of this ignorance on the part of critics is found in the review given Helen Gardener's new story, "Pray you, Sir, Whose Daughter?" in which the reviewer says: "Its alleged pictures of life among the poor in this country are so much overdrawn as to weaken the interest in the story." If I am not mistaken, the pictures given by the gifted author are pen sketches of what she has herself seen; but be that as it may, I have seen hundreds upon hundreds of families in as deplorable condition as the family described by Miss Gardener, and scores of cases where conditions were more pitiable. I admire honest criticism when it is competent; but such rash statements as made by the reviewer in question, reveal ignorance that is inexcusable.

Colorado's Greatest Daily on The Arena.

Below, I give in full an editorial which appeared in that giant of the Rockies, the

Denver *Daily News*, of Sunday. It voices the opinions given in hundreds of letters being weekly received at this office.

The control of the money power over the Eastern press and such standard magazines as treat economic questions has become a notable fact and not without grave significance, since it turns a great influence against the legitimate impulse of the people for relief from unjust conditions and inequitable legislation. It is a pleasure to note that one of the ablest of our periodicals—THE ARENA, published in Boston—is yet independent of plutocratic influence, and, while its present management controls, is likely to remain so. When the dominating influence of wealth over the press is considered, which finds illustration without going out of Colorado, it behoves those who believe that individual and social rights should find adjustment upon a broader and safer basis to give generous recognition to such papers and periodicals as cannot be swerved from loyalty to the people and their interests. The masses of America and humanity in general have no truer or abler champion than THE ARENA. Its pages reflect the best thought of our time, and it is a true exponent of healthy human progress.

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#### Mr. Gustafson Criticised.

One of our correspondents, Mr. C. Boulder, editor of the Danville *Times* of Danville, Va., sends the following stricture upon Mr. Gustafson's paper:

In the September number of THE ARENA, there is an article by Axel Gustafson, to prove that "abstinence from intoxicating drink is an inevitable Christian duty."

If that be so, why does the apostle Paul use the word *much* when he says (Tim. iii. 8): "The deacons must not be given to much wine." If abstinence from intoxicating drink be an inevitable Christian duty, would he not have said so then and there? Certainly he would; and instead of using the word *much*, he would have said, The deacons must not drink the fermented juice of the grape at all.

Again, on another occasion, Paul wrote to one of his churches, saying, "Be not drunk on wine." Certainly if abstinence from intoxicating drink be an inevitable Christian duty, he would have said, Touch not a drop.

And again the ruler of the feast said the wine which Christ made at the wedding

in Cana was of the best quality. To ascertain what Christ himself considered the best wine, the reader has only to turn to the following parable found in the 5th chapter of Luke.

"And no man putteth new wine into old bottles; else the new wine will burst the bottles and be spilled, and the bottles shall perish. But new wine must be put into new bottles; and both are preserved. No man also having drunk old wine straightway desireth new; for he saith, The old is better."

This parable teaches that the old wine was the fermented juice of the grape and that the new wine was the unfermented. Moreover, Christ says in substance that nobody would drink new wine if they could get old wine.

Would it not be out of the question, therefore, to suppose that Christ made new wine on the occasion above referred to? Are not those who believe that Christ made wine, bound to conclude that he made *old* wine, which he himself said was better than new wine?

Oh, no; the Christian duty is not total abstinence from intoxicating drink, nor from tobacco; but his duty, as taught in the New Testament, is simply temperance.

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The Oncoming Billow of Social Discontent.

There is something very significant in the fact that within the past two months the militia has had to be called out in full force to overawe discontented labor in the great manufacturing and commercial states of Pennsylvania and New York, in the eastern regions of Tennessee, and in the great mining regions of the Northwest. In the East, West, and South have been witnessed stern and determined revolts against what the industrial millions believe to be unjust and inequitable conditions. These outbreaks from all sections of the land are but explosive manifestations of the deep unrest and discontent which THE ARENA has time and again pointed out as existing throughout the rank and file of our industrial millions. It has long since become the fashion to prophesy smooth things, to

sneer at all warning voices, and brush aside, as inconsequential, all efforts made to arouse the sober common sense and the sense of justice on the part of those who have it in their power to avert the threatening storm. But the hour is at hand when the ostrich policy will no longer work. Society to-day confronts the aroused intelligence of millions of thinking people. It is useless to say we are the most prosperous nation on the globe, and that our people are comfortable and happy, when Mr. Potter's census reveals the alarming fact thus pungently stated by an exchange: "The eleventh census shows nine million mortgages recorded against farms, homes, and industries in the United States." Tens of thousands of people who imagine themselves well informed are wholly ignorant of real social conditions, owing to their taking for facts the statements of popular and famous fair-weather thermometers who are either culpably ignorant or thoroughly dishonest, but whose writings please conservatism and wealth, and consequently who are very popular. Only a few days since, in conversation with a most estimable gentleman who, unfortunately, has never studied conditions himself, or figuratively placed his ear upon the ground, I was informed that almost all the mortgages in the West were paid off, and that the condition of the farmers was now very prosperous; for Mr. —— stated so and so, and Mr. —— was safe authority. Safe authority! I thought of the men who, in the years which preceded the French Revolution, were re-

garded safe authority when thousands stood over the pit of destruction; but they gravely declared that the discontent of the people was a fiction, and that the stories of starvation and suffering were myths. My friend had not left my office an hour when the mail brought an exchange with the following statements relative to one of the very states named by the high authority as being rapidly freed from mortgages through the increasing prosperity of her citizens. This is what I read:—

The last Nebraska legislature passed a law requiring the counties to report the number and amount of the mortgages filed in them annually. For the year ending June 1, 1892, the following is the record: Farm mortgages filed, \$22,461,741; released, \$17,094,964; increase, \$5,366,777; city mortgages filed, \$12,316,754; released, \$9,049,950; increase, \$3,266,804; chattel mortgages filed, \$22,915,154; released, \$14,565,317; increase, \$8,349,847. Total increase of mortgage debt in state for past year, \$16,983,428. There were 1,800 mortgages "satisfied" through foreclosure.

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**Receipts for our Fund for the Deserving Poor.**

I earnestly urge every reader of THE ARENA to peruse our appeal in behalf of the destitute following this page. Since our last report of receipts, the following amounts have come to hand:—

|                                       |        |
|---------------------------------------|--------|
| A friend, Whitewater, Wis. . . .      | \$3 00 |
| A friend, San Francisco, Cal. . . .   | 2 00   |
| Miss M. E. Carter, Lenox, Mass. . . . | 4 00   |
| A friend, Raquette Lake, N. Y. . .    | 100 00 |
| David Hoyle, New York City . . .      | 1 25   |

Total . . . . . \$110 25

## AN EARNEST WORD TO OUR READERS.

### OUR FUND FOR RELIEVING THE DESTITUTION OF THE DESERVING POOR.

MORE THAN TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS DISBURSED.

#### A WORD ABOUT WHAT HAS BEEN ACCOMPLISHED.

I WISH this month to say a word in reference to the work accomplished by our fund for relieving the destitution and suffering of the worthy poor in the slums of Boston. During the past year and a half we have received and disbursed *over two thousand dollars*, every cent of which has been paid out for the relief or aid of deserving persons, and so expended as to be of practical value to the receiver, by honorable, conscientious persons. Most of it has been expended in the slums of the North End under the able and intelligent personal supervision of Rev. Walter J. Swafield and his assistants. No money has been promiscuously given away. In every instance investigation has been made and the money so disbursed as to help and not injure the recipient. I might fill a volume by the simple narration of the good accomplished by this fund, but space forbids; therefore I content myself with a few brief statements relative to the subject. In many instances, through this fund, we have been enabled to rescue men who were on the verge of despair and in such desperate straits as to render them liable to sink into the lowest depths of vice or to enter the ranks of criminals, and by kindness and aid have placed them once again on a sure footing. One illustration of this nature will suffice.

One day, the latter part of March, my attention was called to the case of a workingman seeking employment, having been ill for some time, due to hunger and exposure. The case was investigated. I found him temperate, never touching liquor or tobacco; but having an aged parent to support and failing to secure work in other cities, owing to the overcrowding of labor, his little savings had gradually dwindled. In New York he was taken sick while seeking work, when the balance of his money disappeared. He managed to reach Boston, but here he vainly sought employment. His clothes were very much worn; and while in quest of something to do, he was taken ill and sent to the almshouse. I found him to be a very intelligent man, who, when seventeen years old, left Germany, and for over twenty years had been laboring in this country. On seeing his ragged clothing, I knew at once that he stood a poor chance of securing work while thus clad. He was soon neatly dressed and a humble position secured. Here he gave splendid satisfaction. The pay was very small, but it was understood that he was free to secure a better situation if one opened. A few months later he received an excellent offer for steady employment in the trade in which he was proficient. I might cite many cases similar to this of practical and enduring good accomplished by this fund. Of temporary relief, hundreds of cases might be given. I however clip two or three as taken from the record given me by Rev. W. J. Swafield.

This month, in making a call on Clark Street, a pitiful sight met our eyes. A woman, who ten months ago lost her husband, was found in her dingy tenement prostrate on the bare floor, with a babe a few months old, without money, and friendless in the world. There was nothing to eat in the house. We supplied her wants, and provided her with a bed to sleep upon. Her thanks were extended to us in a very grateful manner. She is now able to nourish her little ones.

Another case which seemed to warrant our aid, was an old man seventy years old. He had for his bed an old slab, and for his pillow a log of wood. We furnished him with a comfortable bed, and henceforth his old bones will rest in comparative ease.

Another family of four children and a sick mother were relieved from their suffering and anxiety, food and clothing being supplied.

On Clark Street, No. 15, top floor, was found a widow with four children. The mother is sick with consumption; and her eldest daughter, ten years old, is compelled to sew on pants at eleven cents per pair, making in all about six pairs per week. Their needs were supplied.

It may further be interesting to know that the rent for *one hundred and twelve families* was paid out of this fund when the families, through sickness or inability to obtain work, were about to be evicted, in most instances in winter. *New boots and shoes* were purchased for *over two hundred women and children*. In many instances during February and March children were found hiding from the truant officers, as they had no shoes to wear. About *one hundred dollars* were spent for medical attendance and nourishing preparations for persons sick and without means. Groceries have been supplied to *over two hundred and fifty families* in absolute need. Coal and wood have been furnished to *over eighty families*. With this fund also a successful soup kitchen has been established, whereby, during the months of December, January, and February, many hundreds of families have been supplied with wholesome and nutritious soup, either free or for a nominal sum. This statement of expenditures will suffice at the present time. As I have before given our readers itemized reports, we do not deem it necessary to more than touch upon some ways in which the money has been expended. We will add, however, that in addition to looking after the temporal body, we have, as far as possible, aided in other work. Largely through this fund was the Bethel Mission enabled to establish and carry on a large and wonderfully successful kindergarten school in the midst of Boston's most squalid quarters. By its aid, also, have courses of illustrated lectures on historical, biographical, and ethical themes been given to people who enjoy very little of life's amusements.

And now let me ask each friend of THE ARENA who has contributed to this fund, Have you really missed the money given for this noble work? And to each reader who has not as yet contributed, I wish to ask the question, Do you think if you had paid one dollar, or even five, that you would have seriously missed it? And if you feel that you would have missed it, would not the splendid consciousness of having contributed to the relief of one or more of those of whom Jesus spake when He said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto Me," have more than repaid you? The past, however, is passed; but winter and want are before us. *How many readers of THE ARENA will help us in our battle against starvation, misery, and sickness this winter?* I know full well that if our readers could see what I have seen they would not withhold their means. Of course, as I have so often said, this work is only palliative; it is merely a plank thrown to some of those who are sinking in the great ocean of starvation, misery, and vice; but it is beneficent in its influence in many ways. It is a temporary bridge erected for hundreds, while the great educational agitation is laying the foundation for those mighty social and economic changes which are coming as surely as day succeeds the night, and which are coming much sooner than many of us imagine.

Winter is at our door; starvation will soon face hundreds of our people who have either fallen sick or have been unfortunate,—persons who do not belong to the great army of the dissipated. How many will help in the new crusade against starvation?

